HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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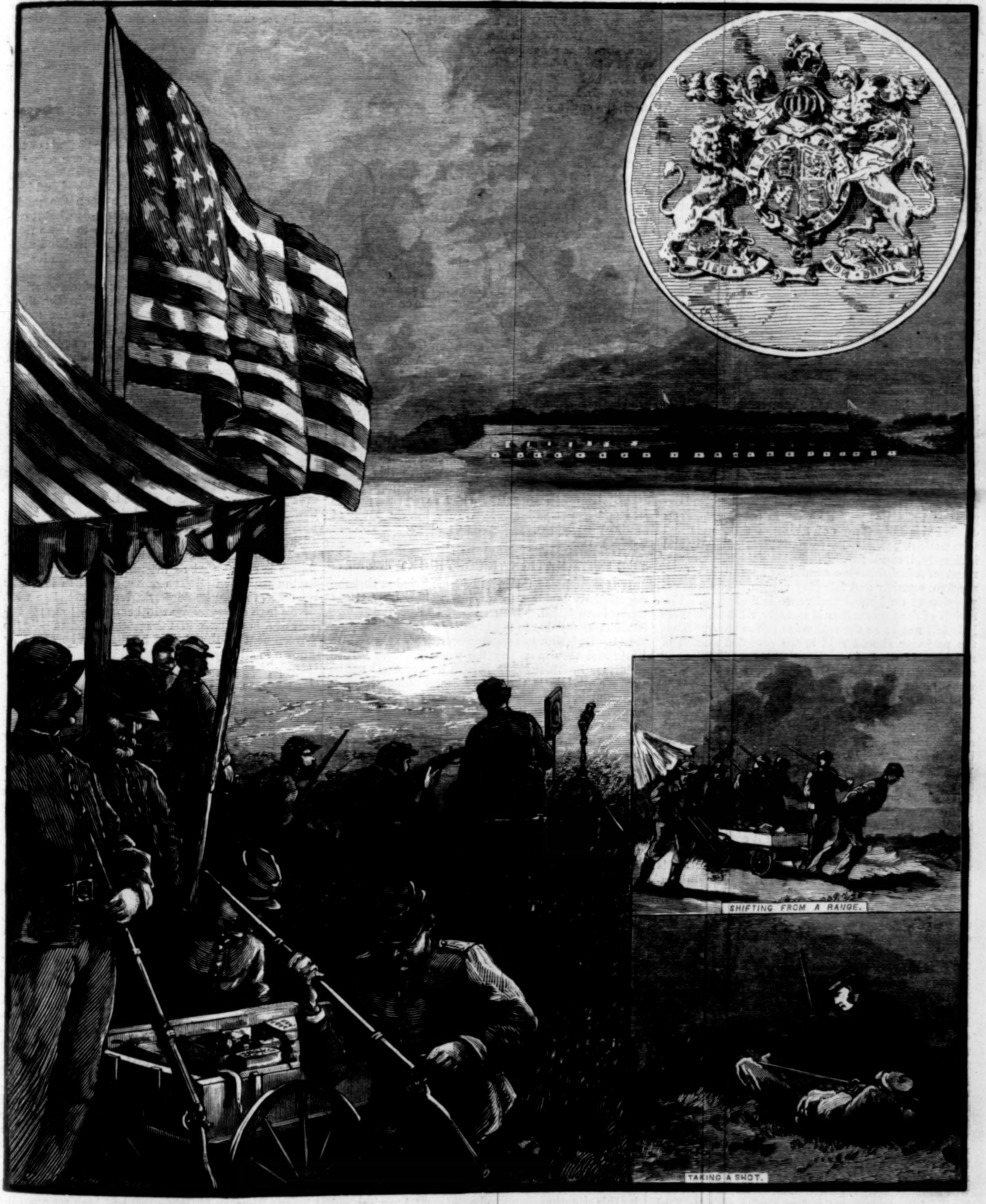


THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE-MATCH AT CREEDMOOR.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 582.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 150, published September 12, contains Chapter V. of MR. W. L. ALDEN'S *"Cruise of the Canoe Club," with a front-page illustration by* MR. W. A. ROGERS; *there is an interesting story for girls, by* MRS. JULIA K. HILDRETH, *entitled "The Long Strike"*; MISS ANNETTE NOBLE'S *story, "How Billy Went Up in the World," is concluded; and Jimmy Brown relates, under the title of "Down Cellar," an encounter, brought about by his own disinterested benevolence, between two of his sister Sue's admirers.*

MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes an interesting article on "Corals," with four illustrations;* LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N., *gives an entertaining account of "Tom Fairweather's Voyage Up the Tigris"; there is a charming ballad by* MISS E. M. TRAQUAIR, *entitled "Lily and Violet"; and the "Tale of Five Little Angels," told in amusing rhyme, and exquisitely illustrated.*

A conspicuous feature of this number is a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "Little Mother Hubbard."

AN ADMINISTRATION CANDIDACY.

IT is understood that Mr. FOLGER, the Secretary of the Treasury, will be the Administration candidate for the Governorship of New York in the nominating Convention. We shall be very sorry if this proves to be the case, because under the circumstances any Administration candidacy will be properly regarded with distrust and suspicion as intolerable interference and dictation, and it will greatly imperil Republican success in the election. The President, indeed, is a New-Yorker, and has long taken a deep interest and an active part in New York politics. The Secretary of the Treasury also is a New-Yorker, an eminent citizen, a former political leader, and he is personally irreproachable. There is no reason whatever that these two gentlemen, as citizens of New York, should not take part in the politics of the State. But there is every conclusive reason why, as President and Secretary of the Treasury, they should not take such part. The reasons, indeed, would be less obvious and forcible if the immense power of patronage which the Administration commands had been used solely with reference to the interests of the public service. But it is because the Administration is composed of those who hold that public patronage may be rightfully used for the political advantage of those who control it, and who have so used it, that an Administration candidacy becomes at once a public question of great importance, and a flagrant offense against the rights of the people. The Administration can appoint and remove, and expend vast sums of public money in salaries. It can control the daily means of living of thousands and thousands of voters. By fear and favor, directly and indirectly, it can bribe and intimidate them. The moment an Administration candidacy appears in a Convention, equality and fair play vanish. The free expression of an honest preference is destroyed. The action of the Convention is morally vitiated, because it is felt not to be the real voice of the party. That the majority should rule is the accepted maxim of republican government. But that maxim implies and assumes that it is an honest majority, representing the unbought sentiment of the constituency. But a Convention packed by patronage does not represent the great constituency. It is the agency of the Administration. GEORGE III. maintained his Parliamentary ascendency because a fifth of the whole electoral body in England were place-holders. It is in this way that the spoils system in this country steals the government from the people, and subjugates a party to a boss. To support an Administration candidacy in the New York Convention would be to sustain and strengthen this system.

This reasoning would be futile if it could be shown that the patronage of the Administration had not been used for political and personal purposes. But this is not possible. The general course of the Administration in this respect is unmistakable. Officers have been removed in the middle of their terms without reasons publicly alleged or known, and, so far as appeared, solely for political purposes. In Albany changes of this kind have been made, substituting partisans of the President for honest and efficient officers who were not especially such partisans, and the new officers immediately engaged actively in the election of delegates to the Convention. In Brooklyn a Superintendent of Repairs of Public Buildings has been appointed obviously for partisan and personal objects, and despite the protest of reputable citizens against appointment for such reasons. In Utica an admirably efficient postmaster has been removed in the middle of his term, and in Ogdensburg a collector so efficient and so much respected that his displacement has aroused general indignation. In all these cases the purpose was plain. In every district of the State it has been made evident that the patronage of the Administration is used for political and personal ends. An Administration candidacy in the Convention, therefore, will be necessarily regarded as an attempt to overbear by illegitimate means the free choice of New York Republicans, and it will be relentlessly opposed for that reason, and without regard to the character of the candidate. This is the situation in Pennsylvania, where Mr. BEAVER is opposed by the Independent Republicans, not as an unfit or dishonest man, but as the representative of the CAMERON despotism, which is held to be fatal to the welfare of the party. It must not be forgotten that in 1879, when the machine in New York was perfectly harmonious, and by sheer discipline forced the nomination of Mr. CORNELL, the nomination was opposed not upon personal but political grounds. It was held to imperil party success, and this view was correct, as the result showed. The machine candidate was left in a Republican minority. The anti-machine candidate upon the same ticket was elected. There is infinitely greater jealousy of "machine" despotism now than there was then, and it would be unwise for the Convention to forget it.

There is another consideration. Assuming, for the moment, the propriety of the interference of the Administration to support with all the power of its patronage any candidate in a nominating Convention, why in this State does it discard Governor CORNELL? He desires to be renominated, and he is of the political school of the Administration. Why is he dropped? In 1879, the President himself, with all his present especial friends, Mr. CONKLING and all his following—in a word, the entire machine—were most strenuous supporters of Mr. CORNELL's nomination. Why are they not so now? What has happened? Why are they all more bitterly hostile to him than any of his opponents of 1879? Has he been a dishonest or an incapable officer? Has he been false to Republican principles? Has he even been recreant to Republican "regularity"? This is not asserted anywhere. Nothing whatever has happened except that the Governor did not favor the re-election of Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT, for which the Vice-President strenuously toiled, and he declined to sign some bills in the interest of Mr. JAY GOULD and of Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING. These are his sole offenses in the eyes of the Administration. For these purely personal and not public or even party reasons he is thrust aside by his old associates for a candidate who is more agreeable to the Administration. This extraordinary situation reveals in the strongest light the significance of an Administration candidacy, and the means by which it is pushed. It is a challenge to the Republicans of New York to which they should respond by a nomination independent of factions and machines and the debauchery of patronage, and which represents, not the old Bourbon quarrels of the party, but its hope, its spirit of progress and reform, and a Republican future worthy of the Republican past. To accomplish this result there must be a perfectly good understanding among all opponents of a candidacy which represents, not the free choice of Republican New York, but the power of national patronage.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT TREATY.

IT is announced unofficially from London that the negotiations looking to an international copyright treaty have failed. If this report be true, the failure is undoubtedly due to the hostility of the British publishers. It is the authors, however, whom the failure hurts and who must pay the penalty. The British publisher insists that the British author shall not be paid a copyright in the United States unless the British publisher manufactures the book. Now this is comparatively a matter of indifference to the author. In any case, for the advantage of a copyright he would gladly concede the foreign manufacture. The proposed arrangement was an attempt at a fair understanding by which every existing interest should be considered, but by which the author was to be the chief gainer. It was stimulated by the actual situation which makes impossible the further payment of the large sums to English authors, which were formerly practically equivalent to a copyright. This payment was only a custom, indeed, and there was no law to enforce it. The proposed treaty, however, would have put the practice into the form of law, and have secured to the author as a right what he has hitherto received as an acknowledgment from the publisher.

The great increase of the number of readers in this country, the demand for very cheap publications, and the constant English supply of material, which in the absence of law costs the unauthorized republisher only the price of reproduction, have enormously stimulated republication without corresponding advantage to the author. When a publisher now pays for advance sheets, since he can buy no other advantage, the republication, for which he has paid handsomely, is instantly met by other republications of the same work, for which no payment whatever has been made. Strenuous competition lowers the price to the least practicable point, and the author's advantage nearly disappears, except in the case of serial stories. This is the position in which the reported failure of the treaty negotiations leaves the author. The English author is republished with less or no pecuniary advantage to himself, and the American reader buys nearly every desirable English book for a shilling. The only gainer by this situation seems to be the great American public, and it is to the honor of almost all the chief American publishers that they cordially supported the proposed treaty, under which they must have paid the English, like the American, author such copyright as should be mutually satisfactory.

The next step, assuming the treaty to have failed, remains to be seen. Whether public opinion, in a country where everybody reads, and where readers obtain the best literature for a song, and in which the Constitution and the statute law hold that copyright is not the acknowledgment of individual right, but a grant for the public benefit, will demand that the grant be made to the foreign author in addition to that which he receives from his own country, is certainly doubtful. To raise the issue of abstract right would present to the country the question of the desirability of renouncing such cheap literature as it now enjoys, and there would be a strong disposition to quote the words of the Constitution that, "to promote the progress of science and useful arts," the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries shall be secured "for limited times to authors and inventors." This is the ground of existing laws of copyright, and it was because the treaty was based upon this view that it offered the most satisfactory beginning for a settlement of the question.

THE HUBBELL DRAGNET.

WHEN we asked last week why the indefatigable Mr. HUBBELL did not assess the foreign agents of the United States, we did not suppose that our sarcastic inquiry would be so soon answered. He does assess them. This head of a totally unauthorized and irresponsible committee, which levies upon the public money for its party expenses, and spends what it collects without accounting for its use to those from whom it is extorted, does actually lay its hand upon the purses of the agents of the government in foreign countries.

Here before us, for example, is one of the notorious circulars which have become familiar in the lithograph, with the list of the committee at the top—a list which has become a pillory—and signed by D. B. HENDERSON, secretary, addressed to an agent of the government at a remote point four thousand miles away, demanding forty dollars for the HUBBELL treasury, to be appropriated, perhaps, to secure the election of HOUK, of Tennessee, or to be spent for the proposed building for the committee. The envelope accompanies it, addressed to JAY A. HUBBELL, acting treasurer, lock-box 589, Washington, D. C., U. S. A., without even the little grace of a postal stamp affixed.

If MAHONE should follow with his five per cent. demand that of HUBBELL for two per cent., and the other extortioners in due order, the price of the particular place in question would decline. If Congress means to countenance this wholesale robbery let it authorize an Assessment Department to be quartered in the handsome building which the HUBBELL committee is announced as intending to erect in Washington with its ill-gotten gains, and when it creates an office, foreign or domestic, let the act state what percentage of the salary will be payable to the Secretary of Assessments, that the price of offices under the government of the United States may be distinctly known to all buyers.

A VITAL QUESTION.

THERE is no State in which provision is not made for public education, yet thirty-two per cent. of the voters of the country are unable to read the ballots that they cast. There are two millions of voters who can not spell the names of the candidates upon the tickets, and three-quarters of these live in the old Slave States. Those States are the poorest of all, and in some parts of them, as in the city of Charleston, the school tax is very heavy. The committee of the Peabody Fund has made a strong appeal for national aid to the school system of the poorer States, and Secretary TELLER, of the Interior Department, wrote to the late National Education Assembly at Ocean Grove, in New Jersey, that as a public-school system constantly justifies itself more and more, it is fair to suppose that the appropriation from the National Treasury to any State need not extend to a longer period than ten or fifteen years.

The constitutionality of such assistance is not now seriously to be questioned. Chief Justice WAITE was a member of the Peabody Committee which affirmed its constitutionality, and Congress has recognized it by legislative action. There can be no question of its expediency. There can be no more common interest than that of popular intelligence, no more common danger than that of an ignorant ballot. An ignorant State of the Union is a diseased limb of the body. It threatens every part, and it will be always a curious and interesting inquiry whether if the school-master had been universally abroad in the late Slave States, the spirit of disaffection to the Union could have become so wide-spread and fatal. The most intelligent communities are the most patriotically loyal.

If some portion of the money that was appropriated by the River and Harbor Bill had been set apart for assisting the public-school system in some of the

more needy States, it would have been quite as usefully spent as it will be now, even assuming that there was no jobbery in the bill. Mr. WEBSTER said in the Senate, "If I were to stand up here and ask what interest has Massachusetts in a railroad in South Carolina" (which seemed to him to be of national importance), "I should not be willing to face my constituents." But the question of a school is of even greater national significance. What a novel and agreeable spectacle would be a Congress which should take up and settle this question of national aid to education, and the method of determining the Presidential vote, and the relief of the Supreme Court, and other measures of real national importance!

NO BULLDOZING.

MR. CRAPO, of Massachusetts, writes to an office-holder strongly condemning the demand of the Congressional Committee for a voluntary contribution. But he says that no office-holder need fear removal if he does not pay. Yet that they do fear it is shown by the letter to which he replies. That the fear is logical is shown by Mr. CRAPO'S own remark that the influence of members of Congress over appointments gives their demand "a peculiar significance." He adds that the importunity of the second circular "naturally alarms" the victims. Why then does he say that nobody "was ever dismissed for not paying?" He can not possibly know that statement to be true, because, as he knows, it is not necessary to give any reason for dismissal; and that the statement is not believed to be true the general apprehension of office-holders proves.

Meanwhile it is refreshing to read the following letter from a special deputy-collector of the port of Providence, Rhode Island, an officer who receives no salary, but who has been exhorted by Circular No. 2 to pay promptly.

"PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, *September* 1, 1882.

"*D. B. Henderson:*

"SIR,—Your circular letter, dated August 15, 1882, has just been received by me. I wish to inform you that I am, above all things, an independent man, and esteem this *right* of independence above all my other privileges of citizenship. Whatever conclusion I may have come to previous to the receipt of your above-mentioned circular, I can only return one answer now, viz., I positively refuse to be *bulldozed* by your committee, or any other persons, into contributing money to any cause for fear of *punishment*. I have been taught to follow *principles*, not *parties*, and if you and your associates exert your influence to shape the policy of the Republican party during the ensuing campaign in conformity with correct principle, you shall have my moral and financial support, however slim the chances of victory may be. SAMUEL AMES."

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. DAWSON.

MR. GEORGE DAWSON, the veteran editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, retires from its active control amid the universal regret and respect of the press of the State. His ability, his experience, his sound judgment, his courage and good temper, have made him one of the most justly eminent of editors, while his political convictions have placed him among the most wisely progressive men of his party. His conduct of the *Journal* during the party controversies of the last two or three years has been very vigorous and powerful, and it has undoubtedly influenced the actual course of events greatly to the public advantage. Mr. DAWSON has always declined public position, but he has effectively and admirably discharged high public duties by cultivating manliness and conscience in politics, and by advocating sagacious and humane measures. No longer a young man in years, in freshness of heart and cheerfulness of temperament he will never grow old, and that youthfulness of soul forecasts for him a serene and happy and honored retirement.

MR. HATTON AND THE "POSTAL GUIDE."

WE recently called attention to the fact that the *Postal Guide*, published by Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co., which is furnished to postmasters by the government, contains an advertisement announcing that Mr. HATTON is editor-in-chief of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and that postmasters are requested to act as agents.

As Mr. HATTON is First Assistant Postmaster-General, and the medium of appointments and removals in the great multitude of post-offices in the country, the advantage to his paper of an advertisement of this kind, urging postmasters to become its agents, is evident, and assuming that it was done by Mr. HATTON'S authority, we pointed out the gross impropriety, under the circumstances, of such an advertisement.

Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co., however, inform us that the advertisement was inserted by the business manager of the paper without consultation with the editor-in-chief. This relieves the Assistant Postmaster-General of the responsibility of the original insertion of the advertisement. But its continuance, now that it is brought to his attention, would certainly show that he is blind to the singular impropriety of allowing others to employ his official position to promote his private interests. The *Postal Guide* is a private business enterprise of the publishers, but it is supplied gratuitously by the government to the postmasters, and the postmasters are asked by the advertisement to aid the private business of an officer of the government whom it is their interest to please.

WHAT MAY BE LOST AT CAIRO.

IF the city of Cairo should be overtaken by the same fate as that which overwhelmed Alexandria, science and literature would be likely to sustain a loss the extent of which could not easily be computed. In addition to the golden treasures of the Boulak Museum, which would probably excite the cupidity of the Arabs in the event of an outbreak of violence in the Egyptian capital, there are now stored in that city the results of the recent travels of Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH, the eminent African explorer, his herbarium, manuscripts, drawings, and maps of the deserts of Egypt, which he describes in a recent letter as the fruits of "twenty years' fatigue and incessant labor."

The jeopardy in which the Egyptian insurrection has thus placed this priceless collection recalls the sad experience of Dr. SCHWEINFURTH at the close of his previous journey into the wilds of Africa. He had halted at a small native settlement where the huts, standing close together, were built almost entirely of straw and bamboo, with large sun-screens and fences between made of the same materials, the combustible nature of which, after the cessation of the rainy season, kept the traveller in fear of fire by day and by night. The dreaded catastrophe at last took place, through the carelessness of one of the negroes; and the produce of Dr. SCHWEINFURTH'S recent journey—his entomological collection, examples of native industry, meteorological register, all his journals, with their detailed narrative of the transactions of 825 days, in short, everything that he possessed, including boots, shoes, guns, ammunition, paper, instruments, watches, and even his hat—was destroyed before his eyes.

Dr. SCHWEINFURTH soon recovered, however, from the prostration caused by this cruel disaster, and with indomitable will determined to retrace his steps from the Niam Niam country, with a view to repairing his loss as far as possible. In this heroic attempt he was compelled to count his paces as the only means of determining distances, and he states that for this purpose he actually took account of a million and a quarter of his footsteps. The final outcome of this memorable expedition was his famous work entitled *The Heart of Africa*, which now occupies an honored place in the comprehensive library of works on African exploration published by the HARPERS. It is to be hoped that Dr. SCHWEINFURTH'S apprehensions with regard to his later collection, which is at present at the mercy of the Arabs and the Egyptians, will not be realized.

THE TWO "SKIRMISHING FUNDS."

THE invention of the celebrated Irish Skirmishing Fund was the work of Mr. JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA, who appears never fully to have made up his mind as to whether his name is O'DONOVAN, or ROSSA, or both. Mr. O'DONOVAN informed his Irish fellow-citizens residing in this country that the true way to secure Irish independence was to frighten Englishmen by blowing them up with dynamite until they would be glad to let Ireland alone. In order to provide dynamite, and to employ men to use it, money was necessary, and Mr. O'DONOVAN called on all Irishmen and Irishwomen to send him contributions for his Skirmishing Fund.

The contributions flowed in steadily, and must have amounted in the aggregate to a very large sum. Even when Mr. O'DONOVAN weakly consented to give up the custody of the fund to certain trustees, he had something like $90,000 in his possession. The contributors, not seeing any evidence of the immediate overthrow of the British Empire, are now vainly asking the trustees to give an account of the way in which they have used the fund. The trustees refuse to do anything of the sort, alleging that the money was given to them with the understanding that it was to be used secretly, and in whatever ways might seem good in their eyes, and that it is of the essence of the patriotic practice of skirmishing that it should be conducted in profound secrecy. There is no doubt that the position taken by the trustees is legally impregnable, and that as long as the fund lasts they will continue to skirmish in secrecy, and in defiance of the clamor of contributors and the wail of the weak O'DONOVAN.

The American public is amazed at the fatuity of the Irish contributors to the Skirmishing Fund. An utterly irresponsible person asks them for money on the plea that he will use it to support the cause of Ireland, and straightway they give him $90,000. They have not the slightest security that he will not spend every dollar of it upon himself, and they have no other evidence than his bare word that he will use it for the benefit of Ireland. They must have known at the time they sent O'DONOVAN this money that he would never give any account of his use of it, and that in case he should be asked for such an account, he would reply that in order to skirmish effectively he must skirmish secretly. What must be the intelligence of men and women who could thus intrust O'DONOVAN with nearly a hundred thousand dollars? Can people capable of such folly be fit for independence and self-government?

But if the Irishmen have their O'DONOVAN and his Skirmishing Fund, we have Mr. JAY HUBBELL and his "voluntary contributions." Mr. HUBBELL informs the office-holders of the country that unless he is provided with a Republican Skirmishing Fund amounting to many times the sum of money which O'DONOVAN in his wildest moments ever hoped to collect, the Republican party is lost. Unlike Mr. O'DONOVAN, who allows his victims to fix the amount of their contributions, Mr. HUBBELL demands of his office-holding victims two per cent. of their salaries. He does not offer to give any account of the way in which he will use his Skirmishing Fund. He asserts that it will be used to thwart the machinations of the Democrats, but it is obvious that the interests of the grand old Republican party will not permit him to tell precisely how those machinations are thwarted.

One would suppose that intelligent American office-holders would laugh contemptuously at the impudence of Mr. HUBBELL, and would at once decline to give him any money. Were all the office-holders to take this course, it would be simply impossible for Mr. HUBBELL to revenge himself upon them by causing their dismissal, however anxious he might be to punish them. Strange as it may seem, a very large proportion of them are sending their money to Mr. HUBBELL, and he will soon have in his hands a million or more of money given to him to be used as he may please to use it.

Mr. O'DONOVAN was an entirely irresponsible person. Mr. HUBBELL is equally irresponsible. What will he do with the vast sum of money which he is wringing from the office-holders, and what evidence will there ever be, except his bare word, that he has used a single dollar of it for the benefit of the Republican party? Mr. O'DONOVAN, now that he no longer has the custody of the Irish Skirmishing Fund, has alleged, as an evidence of his honesty, that he once used $2000 of the fund to pay the funeral expenses of another Irish patriot, but this evidence has been rejected on the ground that paying funeral expenses can not be regarded as legitimate skirmishing. Mr. HUBBELL has also deigned to explain that part of his Skirmishing Fund has already been used to pay the cost of printing certain "documents" supposed to be of great efficacy in thwarting Democratic wickedness; but as these documents are sold at a price that certainly covers their cost, Mr. HUBBELL can not properly claim that his Skirmishing Fund has been expended in their production.

The difference between O'DONOVAN'S dupes and HUBBELL'S victims seems to be that the latter have been fleeced more heavily than the former. In both cases an irresponsible person has demanded money to be used secretly as his judgment or inclination might dictate, and money has been given to him. We have clearly no right to ridicule the credulous contributors to O'DONOVAN'S fund, and draw from their conduct conclusions unfavorable to the Irish people, so long as American office-holders have contributed much larger sums to an equally impudent "skirmisher," and do not even have the courage to ask him what he is going to do with their money.

PERSONAL.

MR. HAROLD FREDERICK, lately editor of the Utica *Observer*, succeeds to the editorial charge of the Albany *Evening Journal*. The *Observer* says of him: "Mr. FREDERICK goes away splendidly equipped for the work before him. He has by turns done every sort of reporting and editorial work, and has performed every service so well that his rapid promotions never awaited anything else than the mere opportunities to make them."

—It was twenty-three years ago that Mr. E. C. STEDMAN wrote "The Diamond Wedding," describing the nuptial ceremony that made Miss FRANCES AMELIA BARTLETT the wife of Don ESTEBAN SANTA CRUZ DE OVIEDO; he fifty-three, she eighteen:

"In they swept, all riches and grace,
Silks and satins and Honiton lace;
In they swept from the dazzled sun,
And soon in the church the deed was done."

And for aught the great world knows the marriage was an averagely happy one. But the opulent Cuban gentleman died a few years ago, and last week his widow walked into Trinity Church, in this city, and was married to Baron VON GLUMER, a Mexican gentleman of position and culture, and they are having their honeymoon at Saratoga.

—Miss ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS was asked the other day on the beach if she was not afraid of the storm then raging. She replied, "No; I prefer the voice of God to that of the summer boarders."

—Miss WINDOM, a daughter of the Senator, who recently made a visit to Mrs. GARFIELD at Mentor, writes: "We are at home again at Winona, and if you knew how pretty it is here, you would know how glad we are to be back. We stopped at Mentor on the way out, and staid at Mrs. GARFIELD'S. She and MOLLIE look lots better than when we saw them last year; and, do you know, they talk about the General all the time just as if he were alive and had gone somewhere on a visit."

—DAVID R. ATCHISON, who was a United States Senator from Missouri from 1841 to 1855, recently completed his seventy-fifth year at his home in Clinton County, in that State. He is still a man of commanding presence, six feet two inches tall, straight as an arrow, and weighs two hundred pounds. At one time, while President *pro tem.* of the Senate, he was, under a strict construction of the Constitution, acting President of the United States for thirty-six hours, between the close of President POLK'S administration and the inauguration of General TAYLOR.

—Mr. JOSEPH SAILER, the oldest editorial writer on financial topics in the United States, has just retired from the financial editorship of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, after a continuous service of forty-two years. The *Ledger* was the first daily paper in the country to print a daily money article as such, and from that day to the present there have been few issues of the paper which have not contained something from his pen. It is to be added, simply as another instance of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS'S uniform liberality to his employés, that Mr. SAILER is retired on full pay for life, and the pay is very liberal. Mr. CHILDS has frequently desired Mr. SAILER to take long vacations at home and in Europe, his full salary to be continued; but so strong has been his attachment to his daily duties that he has found therein his greatest recreation, and only now, at ripe seventy-four, consents to be a man of leisure. Mr. SAILER is succeeded by Mr. JOEL COOK, for several years his assistant, a thoroughly competent and experienced writer, who has also the additional and very high honor of being the regular American correspondent of the London *Times*.

—The Rev. Dr. NEVIN, pastor of the Episcopal church in Rome, has arrived in New York for the purpose of disposing of the library of the late Mr. MARSH, U. S. Minister to Italy. Dr. N. is one of his executors. The library is of great value, representing the collections of twenty-nine years, and embracing rare works on English, Scandinavian, Catalan, Dutch, and Portuguese events. If unsuccessful in selling them here, Dr. N. thinks there will be no difficulty in selling them in London.

—"Grandpa PRESCOTT," as he is affectionately called, is a compositor on the Corning (Iowa) *Gazette*. He is probably the oldest printer in active service in the country, being ninety years old, and sets type every working-day in the year.

—In 1846 died in Philadelphia a Mr. COOK, who bequeathed to the Pennsylvania Hospital and Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind 6000 acres of wild land near Foxburgh, Pennsylvania. Up to the present time no benefit has accrued from the gift, but within a few days past oil was struck on the property, and there are hundreds of applications for leases of the land, which is now estimated to be worth from two to five millions of dollars.

—There died at Pau, a month ago, the Baroness LEJUNE, aged one hundred and two years. Her husband, whom she had survived for thirty-four years, was one of NAPOLEON I.'S most trusted officers, and assisted his master to escape across the Danube after his defeat at the battle of Essling. The old lady retained her faculties to the last, and possessed the most vivid recollections of the events that happened under the First Empire.

—Speaking of Mr. CHARLES READE, whose *Good Stories, with no Waste of Words*, have just been published in the "Franklin Square Library," Mr. EDMUND YATES says, in a recent number of the London *World*: "To the mind of the literary workman there are few more interesting places than the writing-room of Mr. CHARLES READE. The occupant is unquestionably a handsome man, with clear-cut features, bright eyes, and gray hair longer than present fashion admits; the beard is cut to a sharp point in LOUIS Treize fashion, and frames the pale face admirably. A certain grace of manner recalls the gentleman of the old school, and terse, pungent phrase displays the philosopher as well as the literary workman. If it were sought to express the salient peculiarity of CHARLES READE'S talk in a few words, it might be said to be a curious faculty of accurate condensation—that condensation which attains brevity without sacrificing clearness. He is able to find words which express with precision ideas such as the law involves, with its barbarous unscientific terminology, in profound confusion."

Major A. P. Humphrey. Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Walrond. Corporal H. Bates. Major George Pearse. Private Robert McVittie. Lieutenant J. Heap. Sergeant J. W. Dods. Captain P. T. Godsal.

Private George Boulter. Captain H. Mellish. Private J. Goodear. Corporal William Caldwell. Adjutant Henry Smith. Sergeant P. Oliver. Corporal C. J. Parry.

THE ENGLISH TEAM.

Private John Smith. Sergeant T. J. Dolan. Private C. W. Hinman. Private J. M. Pollard. Colonel G. E. P. Howard. Sergeant J. L. Paulding. Major E. O. Shakespeare. Captain D. R. Atkinson.

Private D. H. Ogden. Sergeant James McNevin. Private F. Alder. Private M. D. Hinds. Captain T. W. Griffith. Private S. E. Irlam. Sergeant N. D. Ward. Sergeant A. B. Van Heusen.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS IN THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE-MATCH AT CREEDMOOR.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 582.]

SIR HENRY HALFORD, CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH RIFLE TEAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

THE DENVER EXPOSITION.

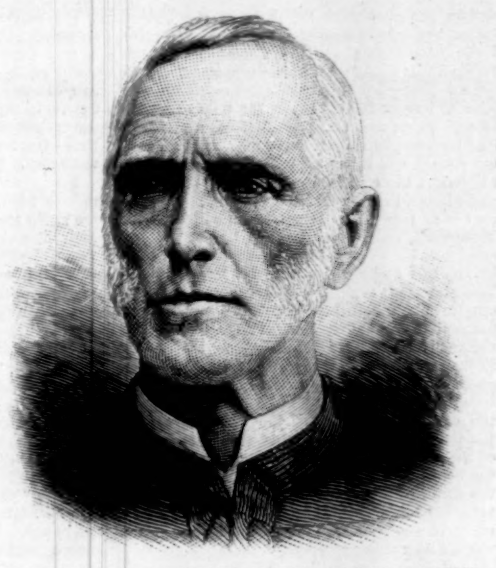
THE Exposition of Mining Industries, which was opened on the 1st of August, in the city of Denver, Colorado, is one of the most interesting and valuable enterprises of its kind, and marks a stage in the advancement of the section it represents as memorable as that brought to public notice by the Cotton Exposition in Atlanta last year. Though place is given in the Exposition to general exhibits, it is specially intended to show the extent and variety of the mineral wealth of the States and Territories which lie along the slopes of the great Western mountain ranges. For this purpose its location at Denver was admirably conceived, since that city is itself the centre of much of the varied commercial and industrial life to which the mines have given rise. Denver is, indeed, a veritable monument of the energy, skill, patience, and practical capacity of the brave and vigorous race of men who, originally attracted by the fascinating possibilities of sudden wealth, have learned to wrest the secret of stable prosperity from the obstinate and often treacherous mines. Its population numbers 60,000, and though its growth has not been so rapid as that of some of the mining towns, it has been much more solid and permanent. Probably the greater number of its people have come to settle within the last quarter of its twenty-three years of existence, the "Leadville strikes" of 1878 and 1879 having given a strong impetus to its growth. But though Denver owes its prosperity and its very existence to the mines, its own sources of wealth are as varied and substantial as those of many a larger and older city in the East. A recent number of the Denver *Times*, for instance, mentions a dry-goods house doing an annual business of $1,250,000, a grocery firm with a business of $1,500,000, a fruit firm with one of $1,000,000, and a boot and shoe house with one of $250,000. It has a theatre costing $250,000 in a business block costing $800,000; 33 hotels, two of them as large and well-appointed as any in the country; 12 public-school buildings, with seats for 11,000 children; 35 churches; and an immense union dépôt, in which centre 11 railways. It has manufactories with a capital of over $3,500,000, and an annual product of nearly $6,000,000, and it has a very prosperous miscellaneous business.

In this well-developed and energetic city the scheme of a Mining Exposition found much favor. It was undertaken nearly two years ago, and an effort was made to obtain for it an appropriation from the National Treasury. This failing from one reason and another, the citizens of the town, taking to heart the lesson of Hercules and the carter, put their own shoulders to the wheel, and raised by subscription enough money to make it perfectly safe to begin the erection of buildings. A plot of ground containing forty acres, conveniently situated, was purchased and laid out. A building was put up three stories in height, 500 feet long, and 316 feet wide, its general shape being that of a Greek cross, and its appearance and plan resembling those of the famous "main building" at the Centennial Exposition. The structure is not, however, a temporary one. On the contrary, it has been carefully planned and erected in a substantial and durable form, and it is in the plan of the Exposition Association to hold future exhibitions of various sorts as opportunity may offer.

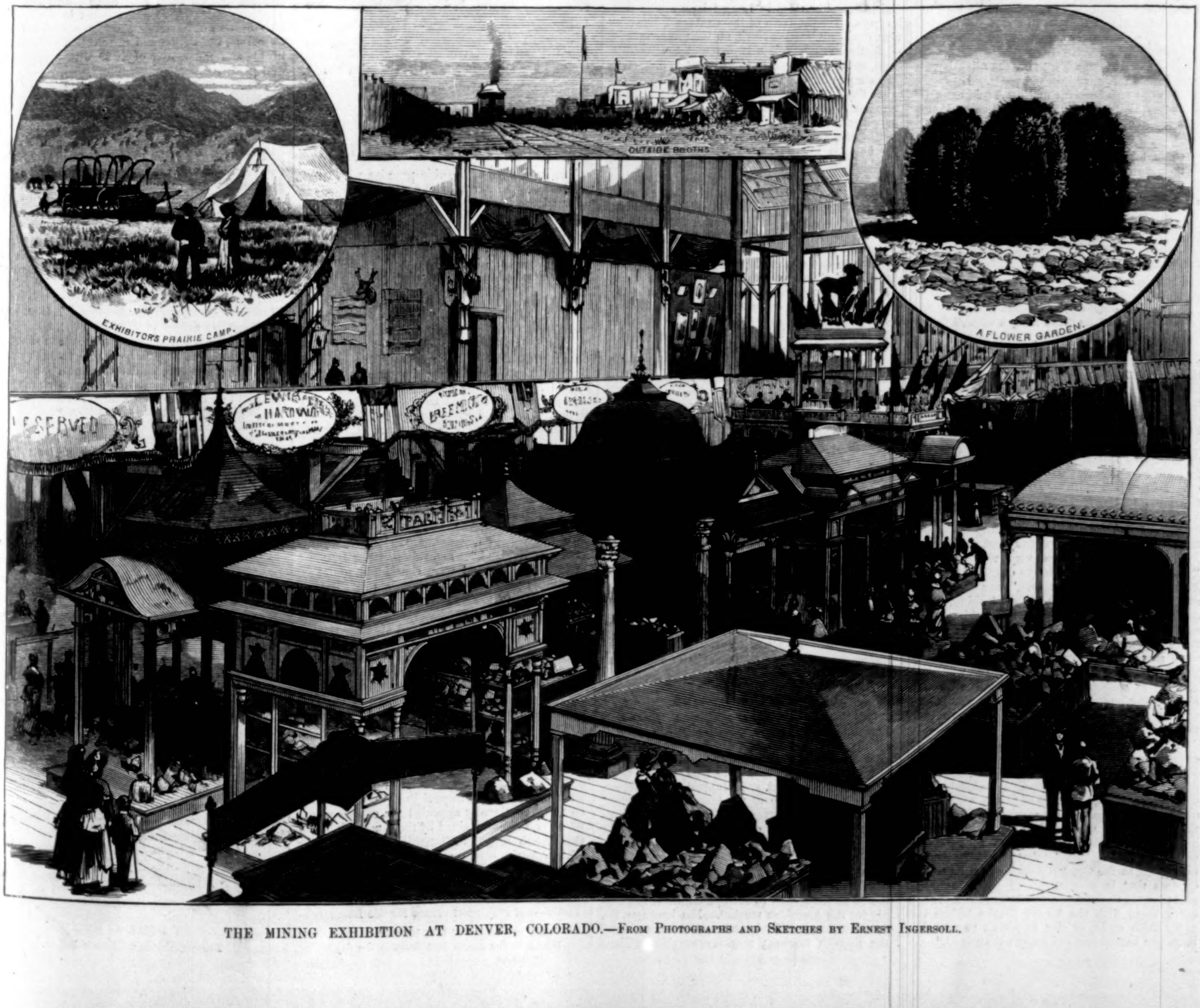
The central element of interest in the Exposition is necessarily the products of the mines, and of these gold and silver are the more conspicuous and important, though by no means the only ones. The mines of Colorado alone during the year 1881 produced, in round numbers, $22,000,000, and the estimated product for the current year is $25,000,000. It is, of course, impracticable to adopt the plan which gave such extremely interesting results at Atlanta, and show the various processes in the industry specially illustrated by the Exposition in actual operation, because these processes often involve immense structures and ponderous and complicated machinery. But it is quite possible to set forth plainly the various stages through which the metals pass, to demonstrate the enormous progress made in dealing with grades of ores which only a few years ago were regarded as waste, and to illustrate the extent and character of the actual wealth which lies open to industry and skill within the mines. It is in these features that the Exposition proves attractive and valuable to the students of mining who wish to know more of that important industry than can be gained from reading the prospectuses of Eastern-formed companies, or the quotations of the New York Mining Stock Exchange. One of the prime objects of the Exposition is to draw the attention of this class of men, and to dispel the illusion that mining is necessarily a species of gambling. Nothing could do this more effectually than the opportunity to examine at leisure and with care the exhibits at Denver, where a good deal of pains is taken to give ample and accurate information to every inquirer.

In this connection the railroads of Colorado have also made a special effort, since their prosperity depends naturally on the development of the country, as yet comparatively but little known. With the exception of the mines, the railways constitute the most important interest in the State, and are destined perhaps to an even more brilliant future. Within the last ten years more than 2500 miles of railway are reported to have been built in Colorado, with a present value of some $35,000,000. During the year 1881 the statistics of railroad building show an investment of $8,000,000, and probably as much more will have been invested before the close of the current year. This is a very remarkable showing for a State of such moderate population, and one in which railroad building presents so many difficulties. But as Mr. LINCOLN once said that the gun-boats of the Union had penetrated the enemy's country wherever it "was a little damp," so the railway builders of Colorado seem bound to carry their structures wherever there is anything more solid than a bridge of moonbeams to rest them on. Road-beds are described where tracks have been laid at the cost of several hundred dollars the running yard, and it was only this year that the Union Pacific Company completed a tunnel through the main mountain range two miles above the level of the sea, beneath a surface where the snow lies the year round. These intrepid enterprises will in a couple of years bring Colorado within three days of the coast at New Orleans, and will make of that State, as Judge KELLEY naïvely remarked at the opening of the Exposition, "a sea-board State almost as nearly as the interior of Pennsylvania."

We shall call attention to but one more of the interests of Colorado, which the Exposition will make familiar to its numerous



GENERAL BODINE, CAPTAIN OF THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



THE MINING EXHIBITION AT DENVER, COLORADO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

visitors not only from all parts of the United States, but from across the Atlantic. We refer to the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, of which Judge KELLEY said: "Within the space of 48,000 acres it has every variety of ore needed for any form of iron or steel. It has the fluxes adapted to each grade and character. It has coal which may be converted into coke, or may be used without coking, and it has a hundred ovens in which to convert the coal into coke for immediate use, and without the cost of transportation. Its location as an iron centre is not exceeded by that of Pittsburgh, and is not equalled by that of any other point in Pennsylvania, and this is conceded by the iron and steel men of my native State." This statement is simple, but graphic. It brings out in bold relief the incalculable possibilities not only of the newest State of the Union, but of the vast territory of which it forms a part. It is in such wealth as this, yielding its unlimited treasures to patient toil and honest skill, that lies the true El Dorado pursued three centuries ago by the eager adventurers of the Old World. In the then unknown mountains about the sources of the great river beneath whose flood are buried the bones of DE SOTO have been found not only the stores of precious metals which he sought in vain, but other riches in comparison with which the gold and silver are but the accidents in the world's advancing prosperity.

SOMETHING ABOUT OYSTERS.

IT must have been jolly living during the Crustaceous and Jurassic periods, when the length of oysters was measured by the foot. In those days it must have required a small pitchfork to eat oysters off the half-shell. It was then the succulent bivalve reached the culminating point in its existence. Had it retained its size, people now would sit down to a roast oyster as they sit down to a joint of beef or mutton. Signor SALVINI would have found it impossible to stand up, as he did at the dinner given him before he last sailed for Europe, and swallow an entire bivalve, of the largest size in the market, before an enthusiastic audience. Here is an interesting question for biologists: Did the people of the Crustaceous and Jurassic periods eat oysters during the months without an *r*, or was it reserved for the people of this civilized age to yield to a hideous superstition which deprives us four months of the year of the most succulent product of the sea? A question of historical interest has also been raised of recent years. The minute researches of German historians have proved conclusively that on the eventful morning of the ides of March, when JULIUS CÆSAR left his house, he was instructed by CALPHURNIA to stop at an oyster saloon on the Via Longa and order a "fry in a box" to be sent home to her, that he forgot to do so, and proceeded at once to the Capitol, where he was murdered, and that had he stopped to give the order, a messenger sent to warn him would have overtaken him.

But oysters, besides occupying the attention of grave historians, have inspired poets. Large bivalves were so abundant in New York, early in its history, that no one thought of buying them. This state of the market was enthusiastically versified as follows:

"Crabs, lobsters, mussels, oysters, too, there be,
So large that one does overbalance three
Of those of Europe; and in quantity
No one can reckon."

And not long afterward a colonist, in a poem entitled "New England's Prospects," mentions the oyster, along with the lobster and other salt-water delicacies, in this manner:

"The luscious lobster, with the crab-fish raw,
The brinish oyster, mussel, perriwigge,
And tortoise sought by the Indian squaw,
Which to the flatts dance many a winter's jigge."

Others at the same period wrote of oysters of whose size and sweetness they make special mention. In 1671, ARNOLDUS MONTANUS speaks of oysters, "some a foot long, containing pearls, but few of brown color"; while JOSSELYN mentions some so large that they had to be cut into pieces before they could be eaten.

"Some," he says, "they rost and some they dry as they do oysters, which are delicate breakfast meat so ordered; the oysters are long-shelled. I have had of them nine inches long from the joynt to the toe, containing an oyster like those the Latines called Tridacuan, that were to be cut into three pieces before they could put them into their mouths, very fat and sweet."

They must have been very abundant too. "There is abundance of brave oysters at Amboy Point and several other places," says one writer, and another speaks of "oysters, I think, would serve all England." Another, in speaking of the advantages of living in New York, claims "one thing more particular to us, which the others want also, which is vast oyster banks, which is the constant fresh victuals, during the winter, to English as well as Indians; of these there are many along our coasts, from the sea as high as against New York, whence they come to fetch them."

Oysters have also formed a subject of legal enactments. Statutes have been passed for the protection of oystermen in their rights, and some States and towns have guarded jealously their oyster beds against citizens of neighboring States and towns. Among the recorded enactments of this kind is one enacted "att the general courtt held att Plymouth the fourth of June, 1661," where it was determined "that five shillings shal bee payed to the Countrey vpon every barrell of Oysters that is carryed out of the Gouv'ment, and that the Countrey be not defrauded, hee shall enter them with the Towne Clarke before hee carry them away, or else to forfeit twenty shillings per barrell carryed away not entered."

The perilous and gallant naval sortie of the Governor of Maryland against the oyster pirates is still fresh in our memories. The Governor equipped a small fleet, surprised the pirates, banged away at those who fled until they brought to. So he captured the pirates, and, what is more, the oysters too. Great was the rejoicing in Maryland when the news spread that the fleet had been victorious.

Now, after the months without an *r*, people who refrain from eating oysters during those months are again frequenting the saloons, and smacking their lips over oysters that are left over from August. By-the-way, it is only in comparatively recent years that these saloons have been fitted up so handsomely and so fully equipped. No one except the bargemen thought of serving oysters to the public until 1763, when a primitive saloon was opened in Broad Street, in a cellar. Half-shells were mostly called for then, for a stew was very expensive, and the fancy styles unknown. The oystermen most pleasantly remembered by old New-Yorkers are SANDY WELSH, JOHN DEAN, and DOWNING of Broad Street. Mr. STRINGHAM, the partner in the oyster business of Mr. BLACKFORD, the famous fish dealer at Fulton Market, was engaged in an oyster-house in Nassau Street, near the old Park Theatre, some forty years ago. He says the great thing in those days was a "shilling stew," and he remembers serving as many as five hundred of them of a night.

Mr. BLACKFORD gives an interesting account of the development of the retail trade at Fulton Market. The DORLONS and others were all in the wholesale business, supplying hotels and boarding-houses. One day a wholesale dealer put up a board on which he served oysters on the half-shell. Then he bought a small clay range, and added oyster stew to his bill of fare. Then a table and a chair appeared; and so the evolution continued until one by one the dealers turned their attention to the retail trade, which finally superseded the wholesale. It was found that the profit was enormous. Mr. BLACKFORD is endeavoring to bring back to Fulton Market the wholesale trade, which is now mostly confined to Broome Street and East River, and foot of West Tenth Street.

Dealers say that Blue Points (a small, delicate-flavored oyster) are most in demand now. Shrewsburies and Sounds also sell well. In fact, the oysters sold as Shrewsburies outnumber the Shrewsburies caught at least twenty times. Another favorite, the famous Saddle Rock, has for the last forty years existed only on the signs in saloons. The original Saddle Rock oyster, says Dr. O. R. WILLIS in the *Observer*, was not only very large, but possessed a peculiar delicious flavor, which gave it its reputation, and it received its name because it was discovered near a rock known as Saddle Rock. A high northwest wind, continued for several successive days, always causes very low tides in Long Island Sound and its bays. On the farm of DAVID ALLEN, situated near the head of Great Neck, on the eastern shore of Little Neck Bay, is a rock about twenty feet high, and from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. The shape of the top of this rock resembles somewhat the form of a saddle, and from that circumstance it is called Saddle Rock. At low water the upper or land side of this rock is left bare, while the opposite or lower side is in the water. In the autumn of 1827, after a strong northwest wind had been blowing for three days, a very low tide occurred, and the water retreated far below the rock, leaving a space large enough for a team of oxen to pass quite around it. This extraordinarily low tide revealed a bed of oysters just below the rock. The oysters were very large, and possessed the most delicate flavor. Cart-loads of them were collected, and placed in tide-mill pond. The news of the discovery spread among the oystermen, and boat-loads soon found their way to the city, where, on account of their excellent flavor, they commanded fancy prices, even reaching ten dollars a hundred—an enormous price for those days. In a very short time the locality was exhausted, and for more than forty years there has not been a real Saddle Rock oyster in the market.

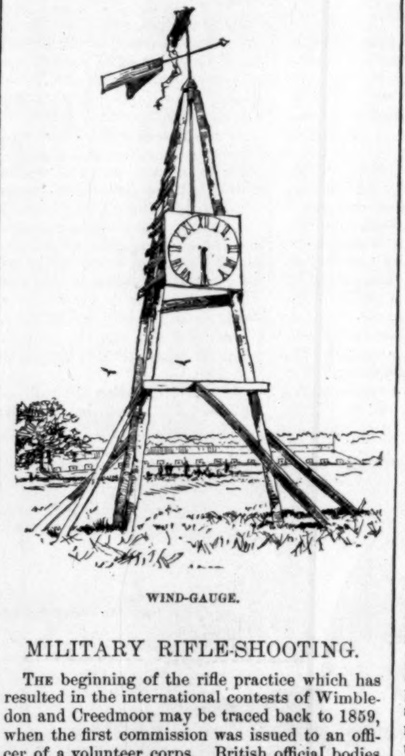
At the beginning of the oyster season a number of old anecdotes in which the oyster figures go floating around. The following, however, it is believed appears in print for the first time. One of the classes which graduated from Columbia College in the early seventies was happy in the possession of a genuine humorist, and one day he displayed his humor in translating a Latin sentence. There is a Latin phrase running, *Ab ovo ad malum*, which, literally translated, means, "From the egg to the apple." The Romans, namely, usually began dinner with an egg and ended it with an apple, so the phrase signifies, "From the beginning to the end of dinner," and by amplification, "from the beginning to the end" of any ceremony or event. The humorist evidently appreciated this amplification, for when asked by the professor for a free translation of *ab ovo ad malum*, he replied, "From the oyster to the station-house."

The scene at the wholesale barge markets off Broome and West Tenth streets is frequently very animated. Sloops and schooners come sailing alongside the barges to unload, men are opening oysters, shells are flying on to large heaps, which grow larger, and there is life and bustle all around. Sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty thousand will be opened and shipped West from a single barge in one day. Among the hundred and fifty men employed at West Tenth Street to open oysters are six or seven who can open six thousand an hour. Mr. STRINGHAM says that the supply is hardly equal to the demand. He does not think the number of oysters has decreased, but that there are more people to eat them. Then the large shipments to Europe diminish the supply for the American market. Not long ago, Mr. STRINGHAM says, fifty barrels would have glutted the English market; now seventy-six millions are shipped to England from New York alone. The English like small oysters, and as so many small half-grown ones are shipped, the demand here requires that oysters have to be put on the American market as soon as they are large enough to eat. This accounts for the scarcity of large oysters.

Oysters have hearts, love, wed, and have large families. These are, however, exposed to many dangers. The piratical star-fish, the skate, the drum, and the drill are ancient enemies of the bivalve, and often bring sorrow and tribulation into the oyster household.

The supply of bivalves comes from natural and artificial beds. The latter are produced either by planting young oysters or by distributing seed oysters over a layer of oyster shells. The spawn then floats over the layer, and much of it adheres to the shells. Mr. BLACKFORD says that more and more successful experiments with a view to propagating oysters artificially are being made, and that when the artificial method is perfected the supply ought to be four times as large as now.

Oysters are raked for or pulled up with tongs. In the Kill von Kull, where the Sounds come from, whole families take part in the catch; and the strong young girls, swaying gracefully to and fro in their small boats, while their hair and garments are fluttering in the wind, present a spirited picture. Sometimes hungry yachtsmen bring their boats up alongside, get the bronzed fisher maidens to open oysters with a penknife, and sail off waving their kerchiefs to their kind hostesses.



WIND-GAUGE.

MILITARY RIFLE-SHOOTING.

THE beginning of the rifle practice which has resulted in the international contests of Wimbledon and Creedmoor may be traced back to 1859, when the first commission was issued to an officer of a volunteer corps. British official bodies move slowly, and the agitation which produced this result had been going on, in a fitful and intermittent way, for more than ten years. It was in 1847, indeed, that "the Duke" set the ball in motion with a letter to Sir JOHN BURGOYNE, in which he said: "I have endeavored to awake the attention of different administrations to the defenseless state of our country. We hear a great deal of the spirit of the people of England, but, unorganized and undisciplined, that spirit, opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and the sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated with that spirit to confusion and destruction. I hope that the Almighty may prevent me from being the witness of a tragedy which I can not persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert."

There had been no enrollment of volunteers in England since the fright of a French invasion in 1803, when a hasty movement was made, besung by SCOTT and CAMPBELL, and only serving to demonstrate without organizing "the spirit of the people of England." The volunteers of 1803 remained in arms, and were considered by many unmilitary persons to have been a very substantial defense to the country, and indeed to have frightened NAPOLEON out of his scheme of invasion, before they were disbanded after his retreat to Elba in 1814. The arming of the Irish people in 1780 had had very serious political consequences, and the volunteers had become considerably more formidable to the government of that day than they would have been to any foreign invader. Perhaps this may partly account for the apathy of the English administrations, 1847–59, which otherwise seems unaccountable.

The persistency of Mr. NATHANIEL BONSFIELD, a Liverpool merchant, who had formed a company, called the "Liverpool Drill Club," in 1852, and had continually appealed for official recognition and aid, was aided by the general doubt of the French Emperor's intentions when the war with Austria broke out. In June, 1859, Mr. BONSFIELD, now Lieutenant-Colonel BONSFIELD, received the first commission granted to an officer of volunteers. TENNYSON'S verses in the *Times*—not very good verses for the Laureate—

"There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day"—

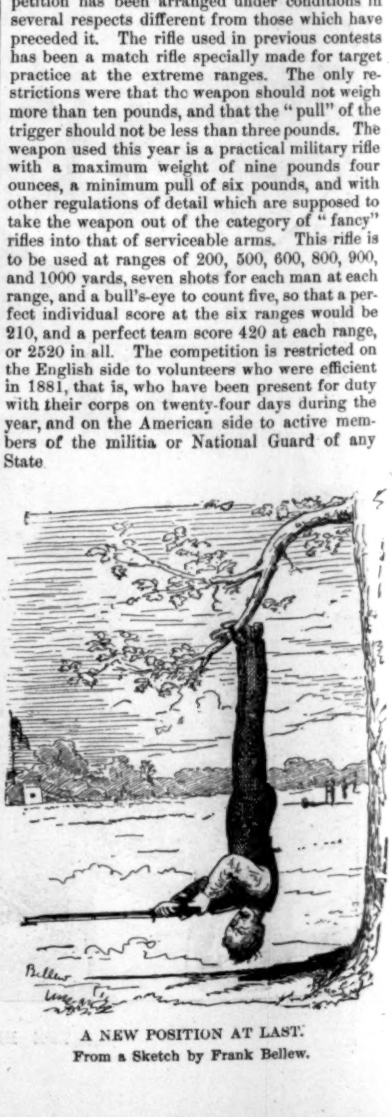
at once expressed and excited the popular feeling, and the last verse set forth the contemporary English view of the third NAPOLEON:

"Form! be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True, that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means—
Form! form! riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!"

March 7, 1860, the Queen held a special levée for officers of the volunteers. June 23 was the first great volunteer review in Hyde Park, when twenty thousand men marched past the Queen in Hyde Park. Two persons were present who had taken part in the great volunteer review of 1803—Lord COMBERMERE, of the staff, and a private who was in the ranks on both occasions. At the banquet at Trinity House in the evening Prince ALBERT, who had been an early and constant supporter of the movement, made a spirited speech of congratulation. The establishment of the range on Wimbledon Common followed in the same year, largely through the efforts of Lord ELCHO, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of a volunteer regiment, and the giver of the Elcho Shield, which has ever since remained the "blue ribbon" of Wimbledon in team shooting, as the Queen's prize, also first awarded in 1860, has been of individual shooting. The first shot over the range was fired by the Queen, that is to say, her Majesty pulled the trigger of a Whitworth rifle which had already been aimed and fixed in position, and made a "bull's-eye." Since then there has been an annual meeting at Wimbledon camp in imitation of the Swiss *Tir Fédéral* and *Tir Cantonneaux*, and annual competitions for many prizes. The Elcho Shield, first given in 1862, open to teams from England, Scotland, and Ireland (since 1865), has been won eleven times by England, five times by Scotland, and five times by Ireland, with a winning score ranging from 890 in the possible 1800, with which England won in 1862, to 1642, with which England won in 1881. The closest match was that of 1875, in which Ireland made 1506, Scotland 1503, England 1502. The American team has never shot at Wimbledon, although the American team of 1875 went to Wimbledon after their victory at Dollymount, and a special prize was given for competition among them, which was won by Major FULTON, with a score of 133 out of a possible 150.

The National Rifle Association of America is about ten years old, and grew out of the Amateur Rifle Club. The first international match was shot at Creedmoor in 1874, between a team of six members of the Amateur Rifle Club and an Irish team composed of six of the winners of the Elcho Shield of 1873. It was won by the Americans with a score of 934 out of a possible 1350, and the beaten team only three points behind. The return match at Dollymount in 1875 was also won by the Americans, with a majority of 39 points, the Centennial match with a majority of 11, and the match of 1880 with a majority of 12.

The Americans had thus been victorious in every international match in which they had competed up to the match of 1882, in which the competition has been arranged under conditions in several respects different from those which have preceded it. The rifle used in previous contests has been a match rifle specially made for target practice at the extreme ranges. The only restrictions were that the weapon should not weigh more than ten pounds, and that the "pull" of the trigger should not be less than three pounds. The weapon used this year is a practical military rifle with a maximum weight of nine pounds four ounces, a minimum pull of six pounds, and with other regulations of detail which are supposed to take the weapon out of the category of "fancy" rifles into that of serviceable arms. This rifle is to be used at ranges of 200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1000 yards, seven shots for each man at each range, and a bull's-eye to count five, so that a perfect individual score at the six ranges would be 210, and a perfect team score 420 at each range, or 2520 in all. The competition is restricted on the English side to volunteers who were efficient in 1881, that is, who have been present for duty with their corps on twenty-four days during the year, and on the American side to active members of the militia or National Guard of any State.



A NEW POSITION AT LAST.
From a Sketch by Frank Bellew.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

There is a popular notion that it is the privilege of the clergyman who ties the knot to be the first to kiss the bride on the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Henderson, in his *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, relates how a clergyman, a stranger in the neighborhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something. "What are you waiting for?" he asked at last. "Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "ye've no kissed Molly." Not many years ago, we are told how a fair lady from the county of Durham, who was married in the south of England, so undoubtedly reckoned for the clerical salute that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative, and bestowed a kiss on the much-amazed south-country vicar. The practice, too, was in years past much kept up in Scotland, and is referred to in the following old song, in which the bridegroom, addressing the minister, says:

"It's no very decent for you to be kissing;
It does not look weel in the black coat ava;
'Twould have set you far better tae hae gi'en your blessing
Than thus by such tricks to be breaking the law.
Dear Wattie, quo' Robin, it's just an old custom,
An' the thing that is common should ne'er be ill ta'en;
For where ye are wrong, if ye hadna ha' wished him,
You should ha' been first. It's yoursel' is to blame."

It has been suggested that this custom may be a relic of the *osculum pacis*, or the presentation of the Pax to the newly married pair. Mr. Henderson also informs us that some years ago it was customary in Ireland for the clergyman to conclude the marriage ceremony with the words, "Kiss your wife," and occasionally "the bridegroom was hard put to to prevent one or other of his companions from intercepting the salute designed for himself."

MONKEYS IN INDIA.

In India, where the monkeys live among men, and are the playmates of their children, the Hindoos have grown so fond of them that the four-handed folk participate in all their simple household rites. In the early morning, when the peasant goes out to yoke his plough, and the crow wakes up, and the dog stretches himself and shakes off the dust in which he has slept all night, the old monkey creeps down from the peepul-tree, only half awake, and yawns and looks about him, puts a straw in his mouth, and scratches himself contemplatively.

Then one by one the whole family come slipping down the tree trunk, and they all yawn and look about and scratch. But they are sleepy and peevish, and the youngsters get cuffed for nothing, and begin to think life dull. Yet the toilet has to be performed, and whether they like it or not, the young ones are sternly pulled up one by one to their mother to undergo the process. The scene, though regularly repeated every morning, loses nothing of its delightful comicality, and the monkey brats never tire of the joke of "taking in mamma." But mamma was young herself not so very long ago, and treats each ludicrous affectation of suffering with profoundest unconcern, and as she dismisses one "cleaned" youngster with a cuff, stretches out her hand for the next one's tail or leg in the most business-like and serious manner possible. The youngsters know their turns quite well, and as each one sees the moment arriving it throws itself on its stomach, as if overwhelmed with apprehension, the others meanwhile stifling their laughter at the capital way so-and-so is doing it, and the instant the maternal paw is extended to grasp its tail the subject of the next experiment utters a dolorous wail, and throwing its arms forward in the dust, allows itself to be dragged along, a limp and helpless carcass, winking all the time, no doubt, at its brothers and sisters, at the way it is imposing on the old lady.

But the old lady will stand no nonsense, and turning the child right side up, proceeds to put it to rights; takes the kinks out of its tail and the knots out of its fur; pokes its fingers into its ears, and looks at each of its toes, the inexpressible brat all the time wearing on its face an absurd expression of hopeless and incurable grief. Those who have been already cleaned look on with delight at the screaming farce, while those who are waiting wear a becoming aspect of enormous gravity. The old lady, however, has her joke too, which is to cuff every youngster before she lets it go; and nimble as her offspring are, she generally, to her credit be it said, manages to give each of them a box on the ears before it is out of reach. The father, meanwhile, sits gravely with his back to all these domestic matters, waiting for breakfast.

The monkeys by this time have come closer to the preparations for food, and sit solemnly, household by household, watching every movement. Hindoos do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkey has lots of time to spare and plenty of patience, and in the end, after the crow has stolen a little, and the dog has had its morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the poor fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the 'bhunder-logue' (the monkey people), and it is soon discussed, the mother feeding the baby before she eats herself.

When every house has thus in turn been visited, and no chance of further "out-door relief" remains, the monkeys go off to the well. The women are all here again, drawing the water for the day, and the monkeys sit and wait, the old ones in the front, sententious and serious, and the youngsters rolling about in the dust behind them, till at last some girl sees the creatures waiting, and "in the name of Ram" spills a lotah full of water in a hollow of the ground, and the monkeys come round it in a circle, and stoop down and drink, with their tails all curled up over their backs like notes of interrogation. There is no contention or jostling. A forward child gets a box on the ear perhaps, but each one, as it has satisfied its thirst, steps quietly out of the circle, and wipes its mouth. The day thus fairly commenced, they go off to see what luck may bring them.

The grain dealer's shop tempts them to loiter, but the experience of previous attempts makes theft hopeless; for the bunnya, with all his years, is very nimble on his legs, and an astonishing good shot with a pipkin. So the monkeys merely make their salaams to him, and pass on to the fields. If the corn is ripe, they can soon eat enough for the day; but if not, they go wandering about picking up morsels, here an insect and there a berry, till the sun gets too hot, and then they creep up into the dark shade of the mango tope, and snooze through the afternoon. In the evening they are back in the village again to share in its comforts and entertainments.

They assist at the convocation of the elders and the romps of the children, looking on when the faquir comes up to collect his little dues of salt and corn and oil, and from him in their turn exacting a pious toll. They listen gravely to the village musician till they get sleepy, and then one by one they clamber up into the peepul.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY GRANT AT DRESDEN.

"You have first to believe the story as I tell it you, and get out of your head altogether the story as you have conceived it." This was said by Lady Grant to her brother when she had travelled all the way to Dresden with the purpose of inducing him to take his wife back. She had come there solely with that object, and it must be said of her that she had well done her duty as a sister. But she found it by no means easy to induce her brother to look at the matter with her eyes. In fact, it was evident to her that he did not believe the story as she had told it. She must go on and din it into his ears till by perseverance she should change his belief. He still thought that credit should be given to that letter from Sir Francis, although he was aware that to Sir Francis himself as a man he would have given no credit whatsoever. It had suited his suspicions to believe that there had been something in common between Sir Francis and his wife up to the moment in which the terrible fact of her engagement had been made known to him; and from that belief he could not free his mind. He had already been persuaded to say that she should come back to him, but she should come as a sinner confessing her sin. He would take her back, but as one whom he had been justified in expelling, and to whom he should be held as extending great mercy.

But Lady Grant would not accept of his mercy, nor would she encourage her coming back with such a purpose. It would not be good, in the first place, for him, that he should think that his wife had been an offender. His future happiness must depend on his fixed belief in her purity and truth. And as for her, Lady Grant was sure that no entreaties would induce her to own that she had been in the wrong. She desired to have no pardon asked, but would certainly ask for no pardon on her own behalf.

"Why was it that he came, then, to my house?" asked Mr. Western.

"Am I, or rather is she, to account for the conduct of such a man as that? Are you to make her responsible for his behavior?"

"She was engaged to him."

"Undoubtedly. It should have been told to you—though I can understand the reasons which kept her silent from day to day. The time will come when you will understand it also, and know, as I do, how gracious and how feminine has been her silence." Then there came across her brother's face a look of doubt, as indicating his feeling that nothing could have justified her silence. "Yes, George, the time will come that you will understand her altogether, although you are far from doing so now."

"I believe you think her to be perfect," said he.

"Hardly perfect, because she is a human being. But although I know her virtues, I have not known her faults. It may be that she is too proud—a little unwilling, perhaps, to bend. Most women will bend whether they be in fault or not. But would you wish your wife to do so?"

"I, at any rate, have not asked her."

"You, at any rate, have not given her the opportunity. My accusation against you is that you sent her away from you on an accusation made solely by that man, and without waiting to hear from herself whether she would plead guilty to it."

"I deny it."

"Yes, I hear your denial. But you will have to acknowledge it, at any rate to yourself, before you can ever hope to be a happy man."

"When he wrote to me, I believed the whole story to be a lie from first to last."

"And when you found that it was not all a lie, then it became to you a Gospel throughout. You could not understand that the very faults which had induced her to break her engagement were of a nature to make him tell his story untruly."

"When she acknowledged herself to have been engaged to him it nearly broke my heart."

"Just so. And with your heart broken you would not sift the truth. She had committed no offense against you in engaging herself."

"She should have told me as soon as we knew each other."

"She should have told you before she accepted your offer. But she had been deterred from doing so by your own revelation to her. You can not believe that she intended you always to be in the dark. You can not imagine that she had expected that you should never hear of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine."

"I do not know."

"I had heard it, and she knew that I had heard it."

"Why did you not tell me, then?"

"Do you suppose that I wished to interfere between you and your wife? Of course I told her that you ought to know. Of course I told her that you ought to have known it already. But she excused herself—with great sorrow. Things had presented themselves in such a way that the desired opportunity of telling you had never come." He shook his head. "I tell you that it was so, and you are bound to believe it of one of whom in all other respects you had thought well—of one who loved you with the fondest devotion. Instead of that there came this man with his insidious falsehoods, with his implied lies; this man, of whom you have always thought so badly; and him you believed instead! I tell you that you can justify yourself before no human being. You were not entitled to repudiate your wife for such offense as she had committed; you are not entitled even had there been no mutual affection to bind you together. How much less so in your present condition—and in hers! People will only excuse you by saying that you were mad. And now, in order to put yourself right, you expect that she shall come forward and own herself to have been the cause of this break. I tell you that she will not do it; I would not even ask her to do it—not for your sake, nor for your own."

"I am, then, to go," said he, "and grovel in the dust before her feet."

"There need be no grovelling. There need be no confessions."

"How then?"

"Go to Exeter and simply take her. Disregard what all the world may say, for the sake of her happiness and for your own. She will make no stipulation. She will simply throw herself into your arms with unaffected love. Do not let her have to undergo the suffering of bringing forth your child without the comfort of knowing that you are near to her." Then she left him to think in solitude over the words she had spoken to him.

He did think of them. But he found it to be impossible to put absolute faith in them. It was not that he thought that his sister was deceiving him, that he distrusted her who had taken this long journey at great personal trouble altogether on his behalf; but that he could not bring himself to believe that he himself had been so cruel as to reject his young wife without adequate cause. It had gradually come across his mind that he had been most cruel, most unjust, if he had done so; and to this judgment, passed by himself on himself, he would not submit. In concealing her engagement she had been very wrong, but it must be that she had concealed more than her engagement. And to have been engaged to such a man added much to the fault in his estimation. He would not acknowledge that she had been deceived as to the man's character, and had set herself right before it was too late. Why had the man come to his house and asked for him—after what had passed between them—if not in compliance with some understanding between him and her? But yet he would take her back if she would confess her fault and beg his pardon, for then he would be saved the disgrace of having to acknowledge that he had been in fault from the first.

His sister left him alone without saying a word on the subject for twenty-four hours, and then again attacked him. "George," she said, "I must go back to-morrow. I have left my children all alone, and can not stay longer away from them."

"Must you go to-morrow?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes. Had not the matter been one of almost more than life and death, I should not have come. Am I to return and feel that my journey has been for nothing?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Return with me, and go at once to Exeter."

He almost tore his hair in his agony, as he walked about the room, before he replied to her. But she remained silent, watching him.

"You must leave me here till I think about it."

"Then I might as well not have come at all," she said.

He moved about the room in an agony of spirit. He knew it to be essential to his future happiness in life that he should be the master in his own house. And he felt that he could not be so unless he should be known to have been right in this terrible misfortune with which their married life had been commenced. There was no obliterating it, no forgetting it, no ignoring it. He had in his passion sent her away from him, and passionately she had withdrawn. Let them not say a word about it, there would still have been this terrible event in both their memories. And for himself, he knew that unless it could be settled from the first that he had acted with justice, his life would be intolerable to him. He was a man, and it behooved him to have been just. She was a woman, and the feeling of having had to be forgiven would not be so severe with her. She, when taken a second time into grace and pardoned, might still rejoice and be happy. But for himself, he reminded himself over and over again that he was a man, and assured himself that he could never lift up his head were he by his silence to admit that he had been in the wrong.

But still his mind was changed, was altogether changed, by the coming of his sister. Till she had come all had been a blank with him, in which no light had been possible. He could see no life before him but one in which he should be constantly condemned by his fellow-men because of his cruelty to his young wife. Men would not stop to ask whether he had been right or wrong, but would declare him at any rate to have been stern and cruel. And then he had been torn to the heart by his memory of those passages of love which had been so sweet to him. He had married her to be the joy of his life, and she had become so to his entire satisfaction when in his passion he had sent her away. He already knew that he had made a great mistake. Angry as he had been, he should not have thus sought to avenge himself. He should have known himself better than to think that because she had been in fault he could therefore live without her. He had owned to himself when his sister had come to him that he must use her services in getting his wife once again. Was she not the one human being that suited him at all points? But still—but still his honor must be saved. If she in truth desired to come back to him, she would not hesitate to own that she had been in fault.

"What am I to say to her? What message will you send to her? You will hardly let me go back without some word." This was said to him by his sister as he walked about the room in his misery. What message could he send? He desired to return himself, and was willing to do so at a moment's notice, if only he could be assured that if he did so she would as a wife do her duty by owning that she had been in the wrong. How should he live with a wife who would always be asserting to herself, and able to assert to him, that in this extremity of their trouble he had been the cause of it—not that she would so assert it aloud, but that the power of doing so would be always present to her and to him? And yet he was resolved to return, and if he allowed his sister to go back without him, never would there come so fair an opportunity again.

"I have done my duty by you," said his sister.

"Yes, yes. I need hardly tell you that I am grateful to you."

"And now do your duty by her."

"If she will write to me one line to beg me to come, I will do so."

"You have absolutely driven her away from you, and left her abruptly, so that she should have no opportunity of imploring you to spare her. And now you expect that she should do so?"

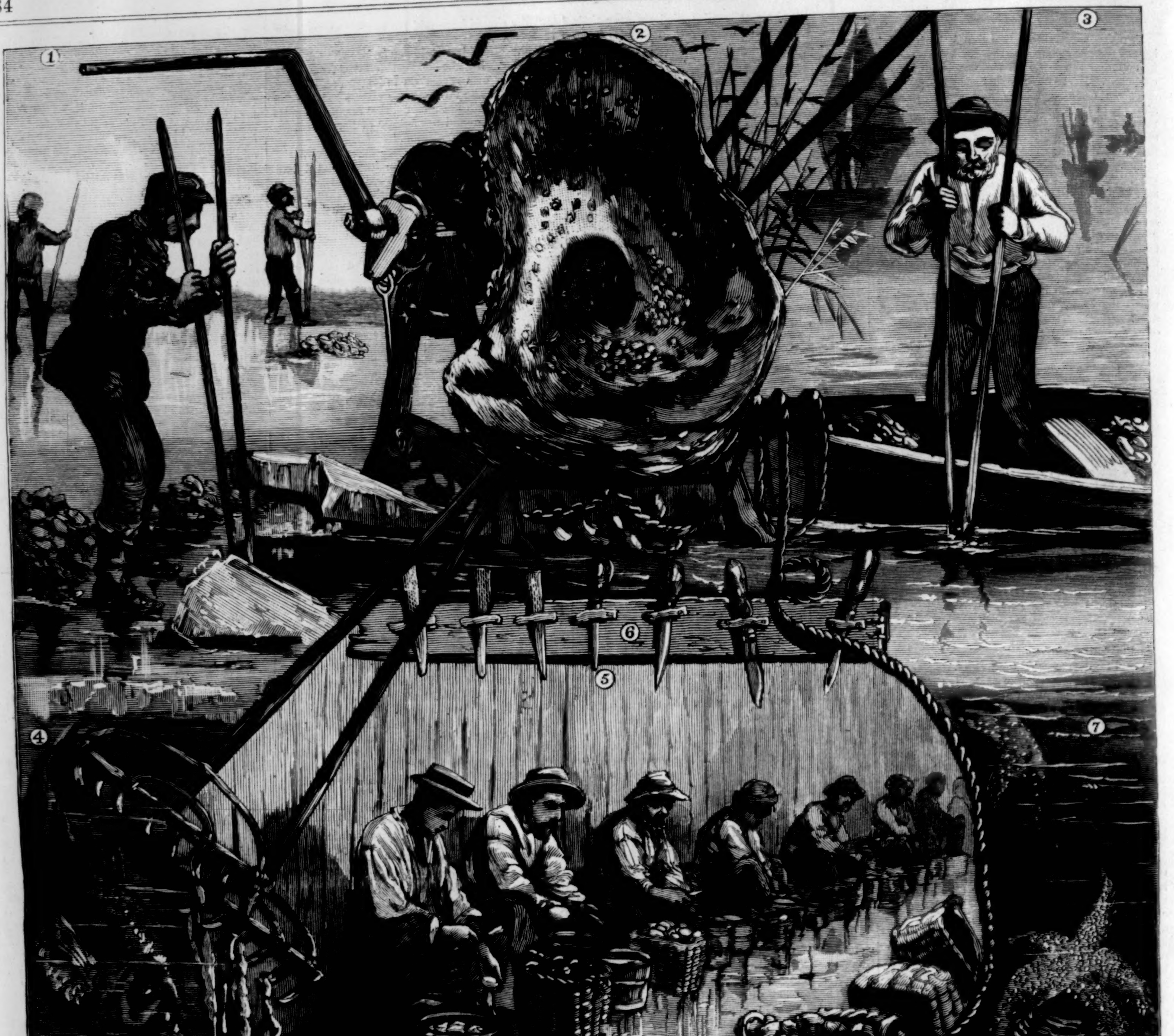
"Yes—if she were wrong. By your own showing she was the first to sin against me."

"You do not know the nature of a woman, and especially you do not know hers. I have nothing further to say. I shall leave this by the early train to-morrow morning, and you can go with me or let me go alone as you please. I have said what I came to say, and if I have said it without effect it will only show me how hard a man's heart may become by living in the world." Then she left him alone, and went her way.

He took his hat and escaped from the hotel, and walked along the Elbe all alone. He went far down the river, and did not return for many hours. At first his thoughts were full of anger against his sister, though he acknowledged that she had taken great trouble in coming there on a mission intended to be beneficent to them both. With the view solely of doing her duty to her brother and to her sister-in-law she had taken infinite trouble; yet he was very angry with her. Being a woman, she had most unjustly taken the part of another woman against him. Cecilia would have suffered but little in having been forced to acknowledge her great sin. But he would suffer greatly—he who had sinned not at all—by the tacit confession which he would be thus compelled to make. It was true that it was necessary that he should return. The happiness of them all, including that unborn child, required it. His sister, knowing this, demanded that he should sacrifice himself in order that his wife might be indulged in her pride. And yet he knew that he must do it. Though he might go to her in silence, and in silence renew his married life, he would by so doing confess that he had been wrong. To such confession he should not be driven. In the very gall of bitterness, and with the sense of injustice strong upon him, he did resolve that he would return to England with his sister. But having so resolved, with his wrath hot against Lady Grant, his mind was gradually turned to Cecilia and her condition. How sweet would it be to have her once again sitting at his table, once again leaning on his arm, once again looking up into his face with almost comical doubt, seeking to find in his eyes what answer he would best like her to make when referring to her for some decision. "It is your opinion that I want," he would say. "Ah! but if I only knew yours, I should be so much better able to have one of my own." Then there would come a look over her face which almost maddened him when he thought that he should never see it again. It was the idea that she who could so look at him should have looked with the same smile into the face of that other man which had driven him to fury—that she should have so looked in those very days in which she had gazed into his own.

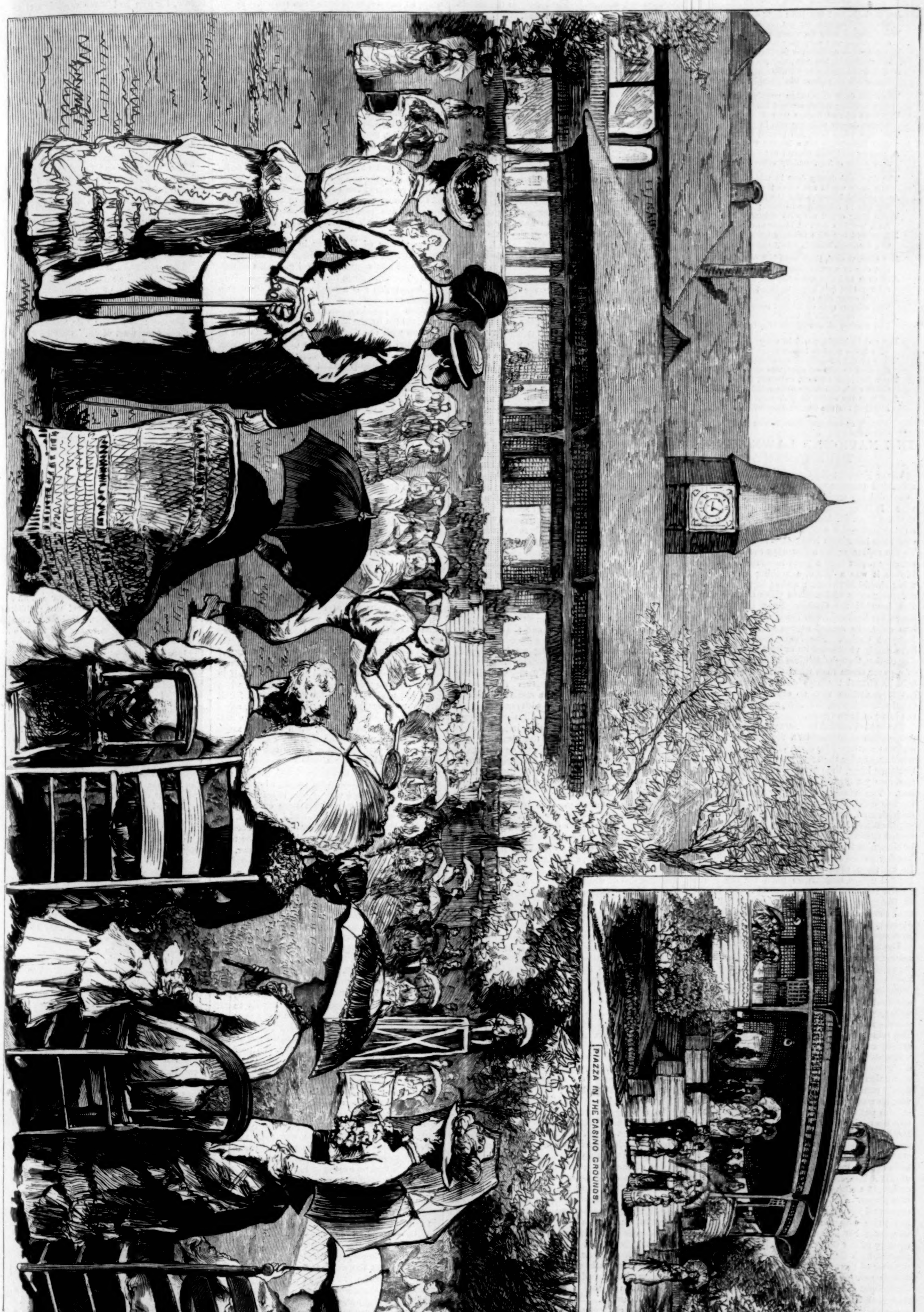
Could it be that though she had been engaged to the man, she had never taken delight in so gazing at him? That girl whom he had thought to make his wife, and who had so openly jilted him, had never understood him as Cecilia had done—had never looked at him as Cecilia had looked. But he, after he had been so treated—happily so treated—had certainly never desired ever to see the girl. But this wife of his, who was possessed of all the charms which a woman could own, of whom he acknowledged to himself day after day that she was, as regarded his taste, peerless and unequalled, she, after breaking from that man, continued to hold intercourse with him! Was it not clear that she had still remained on terms of intimacy with him? His walk along the Elbe was very bitter, but yet he determined to return to England with his sister.

[to be continued.]



1. Dredging through the Ice. 2. Oyster-Shell covered with Young. 3. Dredging from a Boat. 4. Drum-Fish. 5. Opening Oysters for Export. 6. Oyster Knives. 7. Star-Fish. 8. Dredge. 9. Young Oysters. 10. Oyster Sloops at foot of West Tenth Street.

OPENING OF THE OYSTER SEASON.—Drawn by Dan. Beard.—[See Page 582.]



LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 586.]

DARK DAYS.

AH, me! ah, me! the dark, dark days,
When life seemed far too hard to bear;
When dismal were its weary ways,
And doubt was very near despair;
When foolish seemed my best-laid plans,
Impracticable, hopeless, vain;
And I was longing to let slip
The work that since has brought me gain!

The dark, dark days, when weeping skies
And sobbing winds seemed but to be
The echo of that human woe
Whose deeper meaning was in me;
The days when Love had proved untrue,
And Friendship but a broken reed—
A broken reed that pierced my heart,
And made it inly, dumbly bleed!

The dark and dreary days in which
The body would not serve the mind,
And painful languors had the power
My will in impotence to bind;
When Duty called me with strong voice,
And, heedless both of blame and praise,
I answered her with fainting heart—
Oh, the long, aching, weary days!

But then, O soul, thou wert but one,
But one in a great company,
And each had had some days as dark
As any that had come to thee;
For into every life must fall
The solemn rain of human tears,
And over every life is hung
The sombre clouds of drifting fears.

But not in laughter and in song
Was I the noblest lesson taught:
'Twas in the struggle of dark hours
My soul to highest aims was wrought.
Then Faith, Endurance, Patience, Hope,
Came near, and made me strong for strife;
And thus the storm of life's dark hours
Brought me the harvest-time of life.

THE NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

WHAT Newport did before it had its Casino is a parallel question to the unsolvable conundrum, What did the world do before it had lawn tennis? It is useless for the habitué to point out that the Casino is but three summers old, whereas Newport— We protest that it was not and could not have been Newport in those early days. To the sojourner for a few days the fashionable summer resort is in a great measure the Casino. Before it was a blank, a nothing where something should have been; and at last the fashionable occupants of luxurious villas felt the want, and founded the Casino. By a happy coincidence, the National Lawn Tennis Association came into existence almost at the same time as the Newport Casino. The latter institution might have amply vindicated its existence without the Association, though doubtless it has never witnessed a gayer scene than when the Association has held its annual tourneys on its brilliant lawns; but it is certain that no other place presents equal conveniences, facilities, and attractions for the lover of lawn tennis.

The second annual tournament of the National Association commenced on the 30th of August, and was continued for three days thereafter. The weather was for the most part delightful, the attendance large, the enthusiasm of the spectators generous yet discriminating, and the scene brilliant. The arrangements, so far as the lawn tennis was concerned, were everything that could be desired, and the management has the double gratification of having not only achieved but deserved success. The entries were quite sufficiently numerous for the capacity of the ground, and but few names of note were absent from the list. In all there were forty entries for the single-handed games, and fifteen pairs for the double games, representing the clubs of Staten Island, St. George's, Young America, Longwood (Boston), Pioneer (New York), Newark, Franklin (New Jersey), Harvard and Yale Colleges, Providence, Newport, and Nahant.

The first round in a lawn tennis tournament is seldom of much interest except to those who are engaged therein. Most of the games are "hollow" victories, unless, by a chance that every one deplores, the best two players are pitted against one another. Then, although the contest may be well fought, it seems a pity to take so much interest out of the game so early in its progress. The recent tournament suffered by the enforced retirement of Mr. A. VAN RENSSELAER from the "Singles" before he had played a game, owing to a sprained ankle. This gentleman won a great reputation early in the season, and it was confidently expected that, even though he should not win, he would force the holder of the championship to put forth his best powers if he would retain his position. As the event proved, however, Mr. SEARS was so much superior to any of his opponents that it was doubtful if Mr. VAN RENSSELAER, had he been in a condition to play, would have made a long fight against him. Mr. SEARS, who is a Harvard Senior and about twenty years of age, is a singularly active, graceful, and accurate player. His game is the volleying game inaugurated last year by the famous RENSHAW, who has twice won the English championship, and who owes his invincibility to his faith in and mastery of the volley. Up to last year the best players, both English and American, played from the rear of the court, and took the ball after the first bound. Mr. RENSHAW, however, practically demonstrated the futility of this course, and it is now generally conceded that where two persons are equally proficient, each in his own style of play, the victory must go to the man who volleys. But although Mr. SEARS won the championship through his proficiency in the volley, he is equalled if not surpassed in this style of play by Dr. DWIGHT, whose volleys are at once incessant, severe, and accurate. Did this gentleman possess the endurance of the other, he would prove a dangerous and possibly a successful rival. As it happened, however, in the recent tournament, Dr. DWIGHT met with an accident early in the matches which compelled his retirement.

The best exponents of the other and unsuccessful style of play were Messrs. GLYN and CONOVER, both of whom met Mr. SEARS in the earlier stages of the contest, and were inevitably defeated. So brilliant is their game that it is very certain that were they to adopt the tactics by which alone experience has demonstrated success can be compassed, they could not fail of taking much higher rank than they at present hold; for though they are now among the first six lawn tennis players in this country, succeeding seasons will bring out young players unbound by the traditions of the base-line game, who will take their places ahead of those who cling to an art which, with all its grace and serviceableness as against players of the second rank, can never again hope to hold its own against the best players who practice the other style of game. One of these young players would seem to have already appeared in Mr. THORNE, who won the Yale championship this year. At Newport, indeed, he was beaten by Mr. CONOVER, but it is questionable whether that gentleman will be able to repeat his victory when another year's practice has added coolness and accuracy to the often brilliant but often uncertain game of the young undergraduate.

It is difficult to criticise all the points of the play shown at Newport without going into details which would interest only those who witnessed the tournament, or have seen tennis of a similarly high standard. There is one thing, however, which would claim the attention of one who is a stranger to the best practice of the game, and that is the decreasing efficacy of the "service." As the standard of general play rises, doubtless that of service rises also; but the latter does not keep pace with the former. Comparatively few aces are won by service, and a majority of strokes so won which would be credited to the server should more properly be placed to the discredit of the striker-out. It is a strange thing that though the striker-out knows that a served ball must pitch within certain prescribed limits of his court, a considerable number of served balls are misplayed which would in many cases be easily managed did they occur in the "rally," when the player has nearly four times as much ground to cover. That the service does not keep pace with the general play is not a fact to be deplored, but rather the reverse; for although to the labor of acquiring a strong service a certain amount of reward is due, were the service to advance more rapidly than the defense, service would soon control the game, a rally would be as rare as is now an ace won by good service, and the interest in the game thereby be gradually reduced. Mr. VAN RENSSELAER has a very strong service when it "comes off," which is reasonably often; Dr. DWIGHT's service is apparently more terrifying than destructive; Mr. G. M. SMITH, of Providence, sends down his first ball like a stone from a catapult; while Mr. SEARS serves with some severity, but with infrequent effect. All these players serve overhand—which practice, indeed, nearly all good players follow—and the second or saving service is either slow overhand or underhand with some attempt at "cut." The only real merit of a swift service lies in the difficulty which the striker-out finds in placing the return with anything approaching accuracy.

The double-handed game is by some people, and with some semblance of reason, regarded with contempt. There is no doubt that, even at its best estate, it is in all respects inferior to the single game, and as played by mediocre players it is dull to the on-looker, and often lacking in interest to the players themselves. Nevertheless it has its uses, one of which is that as there is the vigilance of two opponents to elude, one acquires some skill in "placing" the ball, which is of service when one returns to the single-handed game. Even the habit which grows upon one of tossing the ball over the head of the forward player comes to be valuable when one opposes, single-handed, a determined volleyer. But the double-handed game as shown by players of the first rank is a revelation to those who have previously treated it as childish. It requires tactics and skill of a different order from those which command success in the single-handed game. Hence it by no means follows that the best two single-handed players would make an invincible pair, and this was demonstrated at a recent tournament in Dublin, when the brothers RENSHAW, who are individually the best two players in the United Kingdom, were easily beaten when playing together as partners. On the other hand, at Newport, Mr. SEARS and his partner, Dr. DWIGHT, who are almost certainly the strongest single-handed players we have, were also victorious in the doubles. This, however, was not owing to their individual excellence, but to the practice they have had as a team, and their consequent knowledge of each other's tactics, and their confident interdependence one upon the other. Their opponents in the final round were Messrs. SMITH and NIGHTINGALE, two players to whom either of them could give odds and win, and yet these two players made them play their best game, and came nearer to defeating them than the score would indicate. It is not too much to say that had Mr. NIGHTINGALE's partner played nearly as well as that gentleman, the pair would have won an easy victory. Mr. NIGHTINGALE's play was as excellent in its way as anything that was seen in the tournament. Taking into consideration the inevitable chances of the game, he can hardly be said to have made a mistake throughout, although he apparently did at least two-thirds of the playing on his side. The only safe tactics in a double game against really good adversaries are to "sky" the ball over the head of the forward player time and again, and await a favorable chance to drive it swiftly through an unguarded place. The opportunity may occur within half a dozen strokes, or it may not come until three times as many strokes have been played. But it is sure to come, and in the mean time the policy of FABIUS CUNCTATOR is the policy of discretion. The winners of the championship for doubles last year, Messrs. CLARK and TAYLOR, tried to force the opportunity, but the vigilance of Messrs. SEARS and DWIGHT was not to be overcome, so the champion pair suffered defeat. Messrs. NIGHTINGALE and SMITH were very successful in keeping the ball at once within court and out of the reach of the man at the net. Mr. NIGHTINGALE, indeed, was singularly skillful in tossing the ball right on to the base-line, thereby giving both himself and his partner more time to anticipate the placing of the return than if the ball had been tossed only midway between the forward player and his partner. It is to the credit of Mr. SEARS's judgment that he refrained from trying to take advantage of the almost vertical rebound of the ball to attempt a drive from the extreme rear of the court, an attempt which would probably have proved fatal.

The victory of Mr. SEARS in the singles was very popular, and the trophies which he carried away with him were substantial guerdons of success. The prize given by the National Lawn Tennis Association was a handsome solid silver cup of mediæval design, suitably inscribed, and this becomes Mr. SEARS's personal property. Another prize won by the same gentleman was a silver plaque with the design of a lawn tennis net in relief, and racquets and balls beneath it. This was given by two Philadelphia gentlemen, who have unaccountably called it the "Association Prize," and it must be won three times by the same player before it becomes his personal property. The most costly trophy was a handsome full-sized racquet, presented by Mr. E. I. HORSMAN, of New York, mounted with gold and jewelled with diamonds and pearls. It is unfortunate that when so valuable a prize has been given, a misunderstanding should have arisen as to the conditions on which it shall be held, until which misunderstanding shall be cleared up the trophy remains in abeyance.

A RETROSPECT OF FROGTOWN.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

WHEN I was a girl of eighteen I lived in a village with the funny name of Frogtown. It sounds very awkward and queer to people that know nothing about the place; but really it was the best name in the world, for the frogs were the most numerous, the wisest, and best of its population. Wandering down by the water in early springtime I quite learned their language, and feel assured that more orderly, sober, kindly, well-disposed creatures did not exist. While picking the wet violets from the boggy banks, stringing meadow-grass into wreaths, and singing to myself in the happy way that country maidens do when gruff old winter is gone for good, I often found the funny frogs joining in with my song, affectionately and low, and all in tune. And one particular night in early June, when the full moon was climbing up into the sky, the clouds swept softly and fleetly by, and one little star shone up aloft, I walked through a wide sweet pasture filled with buttercups and daisies, and holding one of these last blossoms in my hands, I began pulling away the leaves one by one, repeating these two names—two names that were ever now in my heart and on my tongue, and I could not tell which I repeated oftenest or loved the best—Billy Byles the builder, Maynard Miles the miller; Billy Byles, Maynard Miles; the builder, the miller. One by one the leaves went fluttering down the stream—for I had reached the water now—and at last only one was left. It was Billy Byles; and I stood with my hands folded, thinking of his dark eager face, and of all the years since we were children that he had been fond of me. The frogs began their evening chant—thud, thud, ker-thud, ker-thud; good, good, very good. There they were squatting by the sedgy pools, looking at me with their round goggly eyes, and nodding approvingly. I felt satisfied then that Billy Byles owned every beat of the heart that fluttered under my muslin bodice, and stopped beating once in a while to listen for his tread. He said he would be there in the early evening, and now the moon had climbed high, and prayer-meeting would be over before I could get home; mother would be there before me, and perhaps sister Maria would stop in on her way from church, and then they would scold, and wonder where I had been wandering in the dark and the dew. I began to feel chilled and disappointed; the song of the frogs grew harsh and discordant. I turned sadly homeward, and had scarcely gone a rod when a light foot leaped down from a neighboring bank, and there was Billy at last. Oh, the perverseness of woman! Instead of warmly welcoming him, I turned poutingly away, and could find no excuse of his strong enough to warrant his keeping me waiting.

"There are some folks," I said, "would be glad enough to come at my bidding."

"And who could be gladder than I?" he cried in return. "Come, now, Bess, you don't mean to say there's a chap far or near cares as much for you as I do? I'm getting the timber together for our new house, and was belated in making a bargain about the well—there's a fellow out of work will do the job cheap; and I was looking after a fine chance of a cow; there's a trick of Alderney about her, and I know she'll be a rare milker. You can milk, can't you, Bess?"

I pulled my hand away from him, and turned my head aside. Had I waited all this time to hear about his timber, and his well, and the milking of the cow? It was always the way. At home I had nothing but the same dingy round of duties—washing the dishes, scouring the pans, ironing, and baking, while mother did nothing but toil and gossip and scold, and sister Maria, now that she was married, was more trouble than before, for she had three mischievous children that she was always leaving at our door to be minded, while she went off among the villagers; and here when I had run away to get rid of it all—here with the sweet idle flowers, and the river that did nothing but make love to the blossoms on its banks, and the big lazy clouds that skimmed leisurely along, and all the thriftless beauty of nature to coax us away from the thoughts of work-a-day hours—here was Billy talking about digging wells, and raising timber, and, above all things, the milking a cow!

"No, I can't milk," I said, "and I ain't going to learn; it's tiresome work, and I don't see why the milk can't be bought."

"That's not the way for young married folks to begin, Bess," he said; and I took fire in a minute, for he'd never asked me out and out to be married, but seemed to take everything for granted.

"And what have young married folks to do with me?" I said. "I am not going to be married. It's bad enough now, and it would be far worse then."

"Then you've been coaxing me on only to fool me at the last," he said. "You've spoken in time. I'll bother no more with anything."

"Oh! don't let the good bargains go," I said, scoffingly; "look out for the timber and the well and the cow; as for the wife, she's easily enough got; she's the least of all. Only be sure she's a good milker."

"Stop, Bess," he said, and stamped his foot. In the half-darkness I saw his face leap into a glow. "Be quiet, girl, and listen to me. I know what's come over you: it's somebody else you begin to care for; you've been won over by the fair words of Miles the miller; but I warn you, Bess, rather than see you belong to him, I'll kill you both."

Now, strange as it may seem, I liked this manner of talk far better than the other, and the more he fumed and crushed the tender grasses under his heavy boots, the more my heart warmed to him. I had always to make him mad to get him to show how much he cared for me. If I said nothing to vex him, he'd drone along by the hour about all sorts of miserable drudgery in store for us, and I hated the thought of going from one round of toil at home to another with Billy Byles. But I went a step too far that night. We parted in anger, and I went home sad and heavy-hearted enough, but made no sign of sorrow to any one, for I was proud and unyielding in my way, and would rather have died than conceded an inch to my old lover. And he, alas! was stubborn too, though he suffered sorely. He became moody and idle, and people began to say bad things of him. His old workshop was boarded up, and he spent the most of his time loitering about the banks of the river where we had passed so many happy hours together. Perhaps the mill being close at hand had something to do with Bill's haunting the water. I don't think I could be blamed for not putting away from me the scant comfort I took in the young miller's pleasant words and winning ways. It was a rare relief to me to escape the torment and fear that pursued me day by day. I saw that Bill was unmindful of his work, and took no interest in his old thrifty ways, and Heaven knows I was sorry, but now it was too late. He had got himself an evil name, and in our village to do this one might as well be hanged at once. My mother had forbidden my speaking to Bill, and as for sister Maria, her whole heart was set upon my chances with the miller. These chances were fast verging to promise; the tender green of spring had ripened to the full form of summer, and now the golden-rods and asters began to bloom upon the river-banks. I went down that way to gather the gay flowers, and kept them but a day or two, when I must needs go for more. I was seldom alone in my idle straying: the young miller had good help, and could always fling off his dusty coat, and shake the white powder from his curly hair, and help me to squander an hour or two. There was a certain bank that overhung the stream in easy sight of the mill. There the underbrush was thick about us, and the heat of the sun was tempered by a wonderful wicker-work of leaves and branches; the birds sang there soft and low, and the water went rippling by. The miller was a fine handsome fellow to look upon, with laughing blue eyes, and a womanish winning mouth that was ever dropping coaxing words of flattery and love. I could almost have been lured to forgetfulness of the past, and drifted on with the delight of the sweet summer days and their fair surroundings, had I not always been driven back again by some evil reminder. It came in the shape of the wild, dark face so familiar to me, that seemed invisible to everything and everybody else. I could see it gleam from the branches of the deepest thicket, and moved away many a time from the miller and trembled till it was gone. And often the guide boat of Billy Byles would jut out before us in the stream, and though he neither looked nor made any sign, it was enough to know that he was watching and waiting for Heaven knew what. I began to wish that whatever he was plotting he would do and have done with it. The awful suspense and dread poisoned the happiest moments of my life, and, besides, through it all I was so sorry for him. My heart was all tenderness to him, even though he should murder me, as he had sworn to do. I could not get strength to put away those moments of rest and consolation with the young miller. Mine was a nature that yearned for soft words and caressing, for distraction from homely cares, and, truth to say, for the flattery and adulation that had given me a feverish thirst since ever I had learned I was beautiful. Life was so pitifully short, and beauty so soon on the wane!

But a day came, like other days, without warning of any kind. The sun rose in the morning,

the cocks were crowing and flapping their wings, the cows chewed their everlasting cud. Breakfast was prepared and eaten and cleared away, and scarce were one set of dishes put aside when another must be brought out. Stewing and baking and all the hot routine of a noonday meal must be pursued, and when at last this was done, a long overhand seam must be finished. And yet this was called an idle day, when I could hope to reach my paradise down by the water; I thought the time would never come. I knew that sweet words and the gentle deference of love awaited me there; I knew the bank was beautiful with ferns and mosses and wild flowers; that the water was still and deep, and lovely with tremulous shadows. I was thinking of and yearning for it all. I had taken the last stitch, and had risen to my feet with a sigh of relief, when the door opened, and in came sister Maria with little Phil—yellow-haired, dimpled, mischievous little Phil. He was my favorite among them all—a lovable, warm-hearted little fellow, that had already run to me with outstretched hands and a cry of delight. But I was cold and sullen, and stood there looking at Maria, waiting for what I knew she would ask. Ask?—demand rather; she was always bringing the children there for me to mind. I didn't so much dislike the care of little Phil; at any other time it would have been a pleasure to me; but that day, that hour, that minute, how could I stay at home? The tears sprang to my eyes, and I began to tremble with grief and disappointment. Then the church bell rang out dolefully, as if tolling my happiness away. Yes, it was poor Mrs. Barlow's funeral day. I remembered now, and mother was upstairs getting ready to go. As for sister Maria, when did she ever miss a funeral?

She was already taking off Philly's hat, and putting a gingham apron over his holiday dress.

"Be sure and watch Phil," she said. "Don't let him out of your sight, Bess. He's always getting into mischief of some sort."

Then at last I gasped out an entreaty for her not to go.

"Not go to the funeral!" she echoed. "That's just your way. You never want to put yourself out the least bit to let me have any enjoyment."

Enjoyment! I said no more. In truth, the whole village seemed to be going. Group after group passed our door, and the bell went clanging on. I sank back in my chair in a stupor of resignation; but no sooner had mother and Maria gone out the door than I burst into a passion of weeping.

Little Phil ran over to me, and clasped his chubby hands about my neck.

"What make Bessie cry?" he said.

"Oh, Philly dear," I cried, clasping him close, and rocking to and fro, "Bessie did so want to go somewhere to-day!—down by the water, where the pretty flowers grow, out of the sound of that nasty bell, and away from those hateful, curious people; down where the frogs are, Philly—the queer speckled frogs that make faces at you, and sing such funny songs."

The little fellow clapped his hands, and then looked pleadingly up in my face.

"Me go too? Philly go with Bessie to see the funny frogs. Philly be good boy. Please Philly go?"

A throb of hope and joy moved my desponding heart. Why *shouldn't* little Phil go? I had already begun to pull off his apron, my hands trembling with eagerness. In less than half an hour we were hastening away as fleetly as our yearning hearts could desire. Phil was wild to see the funny frogs, and I—well, I scarcely knew what I longed for most. To get rid of the bell, for one thing—it clanged so of death and all that was dreary and miserable.

Scarce had we reached the pathway that led through the pasture ground to the mill when the bell ceased, and a heavenly quiet fell upon everything. It seemed as if poor Mrs. Barlow must suddenly have got rid of the gaping crowd, and the gates of paradise had opened to take her within. Phil clutched at the flowers as we went along; he laughed and crowed, and my own heart grew glad. At last through the briers and ferns I saw the shining water, the trees above, the trees below, and all of it the loveliest and brightest of green. At that moment I did not so much care for the handsome young miller; I only yearned for the rest and shade and lazy happiness of it all; and when I reached the bank and found it all alone with its tangles of turf and wild flowers, I was quite content. Indeed, it began to be peopled very quickly with the frogs that at first one could not see, they were so of a color with the rest; but presently we espied them, one by one, squatting upon the opposite bank. Philly was wild with delight; he had never seen so many frogs, or any of so friendly and sociable a mien. But I held his hand tight within my own, for the water was deep there—deep enough to drown a much bigger body than dear little Phil's. As I held his hands in one of my own, my other one was suddenly caught in a warm, close pressure, and my heart began to beat, my cheeks to glow. "My wild rose, my blossom," said the melodious voice, "how could you leave me so long? Ah, now the world is sweet again!"

Yes, it was wonderfully sweet. The moments flew along on wings of delight. It was not alone his presence or the dulcet flatteries he poured into my willing ears, but everything was so fraught with the power and fervor of beauty and youth and all that was adorable in life. The dingy dolor of the village street, with its funereal throng, was hidden and forgotten; the world seemed only made for joy. How gracefully and caressingly the tall trees bent to the water, and mirrored themselves in its shining depth! I had given my hands to the keeping and caressing of my companion; I had leaned lazily back upon the trunk of the big tree; I had—God forgive me—long *forgotten little Phil.* And gazing idly down upon the stream, I suddenly saw something floating on the tide. The whole grew dark, all black, except that one fluff of yellow hair upon the treacherous water. The young miller saw it as soon as I.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, "the child is lost. I can't swim, Bess, not a stroke."

I got upon my feet. "Oh, where is God?" I said; and lingering one moment in bewilderment, I sprang after little Phil. It mattered nothing that I had only thrown my own life after that of the dear little lad. Life was a thing too hideous to hold. I felt this even as the water poured into my throat and nostrils, and was fast strangling the faint beat of my wicked, weak, reckless heart.

Then, as if on the far dim shores of paradise, I saw once more the sad dark face of Billy Byles—no longer murderous or scowling, but gentle and tender, and bending over mine with an unspeakable strength of pity and love. In his arms was little Phil, the blue eyes closed, and the yellow hair wet and dank. We were all dead, I thought—I hoped. I didn't care. I had found God, and left it all with Him.

A shrill whisper awoke me. "And that there child," it said, "in his blessed ignorance actually wants to go down and play with them there frogs again. After we'd got him rid of the nasty water, and dried and warmed him, and put him to bed, he opened his blessed eyes and says to me, says he, 'Grandma, Philly go see the funny frogs, please?' But as for Bess, she's been that way nigh on for twenty-four hours, and the good Lord knows what'll come of it."

Mother's whisper cut the air, but it was music to me. Tears of contrition and gratitude rolled one by one from under my closed eyelids. Philly was alive, then, and had suffered no shock in mind or body, since he wanted to go back to the frogs. Who had saved us? How had we reached the shore?

"There's an all-seein' eye," pursued poor dear mother, "that watches everything, and them that don't believe in the orderin' of things can just tell me how it was Billy Byles was there with his boat just in the nick of time. There's a leaven o' good in that there boy, and I believe he'll do well yet. He's sold his land, you know, and starts for the West at daylight to-morrow."

"Mother," I said, suddenly lifting myself up on my elbow, and waiting till she had got over her first start to hear me speak, and had caressed and scolded me in a breath, and had declared she would call everybody in the next room—sister Maria, and John, and young Miles the miller, and half the village, I suppose—"mother," I said, "I'll see nobody but the one to-night: let somebody go for Billy Byles."

Mother stood a minute, then saying, "It's no more'n fair and right," she left me alone.

A little later on Bill was bending over me with the same look of pity and love that had met my fainting eyes in that last awful minute of consciousness. I threw my arms about his neck.

"Forgive me, Bill," I whispered; "forgive and love me if you can."

When he could get his voice to speak he said that as for loving me, he couldn't stop that if he tried. "And as for forgiving, Bess, I need forgiveness more than any one. You may as well know, darling, that I planned to murder you for many a day, and it was only the mercy o' God that led Philly to fall into the water, or you'd 'a been dead, along with yonder sprig in th' other room, and by my wicked hand: that's as sure as there's a God that mended matters the way He did. But I'm cured now, Bess. Marry whom you will. I'll not be here to see. I'm going West to-morrow, Bessie; and now give me one kiss, for the sake of all that has been between us."

Would it be believed that I loved him all the more for his fierce wild part in the baleful past? Though he had planned to murder me, my heart went out to him in love and submission. The miller seemed ever so tame beside him.

He stooped and put his lips to mine. They lingered long; my weak arms served to bind him. "Oh, Bess! Bess!" he groaned, and I murmured his name with fond caressing.

"Stay, Bill," I said, "and get the timber together again. I'll learn to milk so soon as I get strength."

"I'll get the timber together, Bess, but it will be a thousand miles from here. I won't risk it again, Bess, unless you are content to go away from all sorts of beguilings. Choose here and now: will you go, if I wait for you? Will you?"

Bill's was a stern sort of wooing, but I liked it the best then, and it's served me well this many a year. As I sat here to-night on my wide veranda, and looking far and near could see nothing but the fields of grain, and the billowy waves of the blue-grass in which the herds plunge and revel, I found it fair to look upon, but something set me to thinking of the past, and I turned to a handsome young fellow at my side.

"Phil, wouldn't you love once more to hear the frogs at dear old Frogtown?"

"Well, no, Aunt Bess. I came to grief once in sporting with those same reptiles, and might never have heard a sound that better suits this glorious part of the country. Listen, Aunt Bess; that's the sound for me," said my nephew Phil.

It was the wild cry of the coyote.

THE PRESIDENT IN RHODE ISLAND.

Only on the theory, possibly true, but nevertheless unsatisfactory, that rest is found in a change of occupation, can President Arthur be said to have entered upon a vacation when he exchanged the wearing routine of official life in Washington for the scarcely less arduous gayety of Newport. The life of a public man of the highest station knows no privacy. However much he may desire it, however necessary it may be for him, the "fierce light" beats upon the Presidential chair as unremittingly as upon the throne. His only opportunity to escape for a brief season from contact with the people over whom he is placed is to do as President Arthur did—to go on board a vessel, and, as he was too considerate to do, to stay there.

The President reached Newport on the 22d of August, going directly to the pleasant cottage of ex-Governor Morgan, on Narragansett Avenue, where he remained during his stay in the city. On the day following his arrival he entered upon a round of gayety which it would require the practiced pen of the court newsman to adequately chronicle. The principal social event of his visit, and doubtless as distinguished and brilliant an affair of the kind as even Newport society ever saw, was the reception at the residence of Governor and Mrs. Morgan, which was attended by several hundreds of what the court functionary above referred to would justly characterize as the *élite* of society. The Presidential couch is not a bed of roses even metaphorically, but on this occasion Mrs. Morgan's parlors, in which the President received, were literally a mass of flowers.

The excursions which he made with his own party on board the *Despatch*, with no public ceremonial awaiting him at the rendezvous, were doubtless the most enjoyable incidents of his visit to Rhode Island. On the last day of August the President and a small party sailed down to West Island, a famous fishing ground, where, however, the magnates of the party did not wet their lines, for the reason that the fish have been scarce this season. Can it be possible that they had some foreknowledge of the coming of the distinguished angler, and retreated in good time to other places where a lower order of intelligence would suffice to guard against the skill that should attempt to lure them to the hook? The *Despatch* returned to Newport the same night, and the President remained on board, it being his intention to sail on the morrow to Squantum, a rocky island in the Providence River, where he would partake of a Rhode Island clam-bake, and enjoy the hospitality of the ascetic recluses of Squantum. There are, unfortunately, few things that come up to their reputation, but among the few are two things which the President experienced on the shores of the Providence River—the Rhode Island clam-bake and the hospitality of the Squantum Club. This latter institution is a summer club of some hundred and fifty members, among whom are most of the "solid" men of the wealthy city that proudly calls itself the second city in New England. The island on which the club has its quarters is singularly picturesque, being at once rocky and well clothed with foliage. It is artificially joined to the mainland, and is but a few yards from a railroad station whence Providence is reached in a few minutes. The oldest member of the Squantum Club is eighty-one, and still piles up a goodly heap of shells. The qualification for membership is "right good fellow"-ship, and the examination is most rigid. The Squantum Club is unique, and its reason for existence is summed up in one word, which, indeed, had it no other, were sufficient reason for the existence of Rhode Island itself—clams!

However much the President might wish it, it was not to be expected that the patriotic citizens of Providence would suffer the Chief Magistrate of the nation to be so close, and yet pass by their city. Accordingly, on the case being represented to him by a delegation consisting of the Governor of the State, Senator Aldrich, and the Mayor of Providence, who waited upon him on board the *Despatch* on his return from West Island, the President kindly consented to hold a public reception at the City Hall. The party reached Providence by special train from Squantum, and were conveyed in carriages to the City Hall, the whole route being densely crowded with people anxious to see the President. After the reception the same party were driven to the Hope Club, where an informal reception was held, and thence to the wharf, where they embarked on the *Despatch*. Notwithstanding the brilliant display of fire-works that lighted up the shore at intervals, the return trip was somewhat tedious, owing to a fog which came up soon after dark. But slow progress was made, soundings were frequent, and at midnight the vessel came to a final stop. The *Despatch* was aground. Little time was wasted in fruitless efforts to get her off, and before one o'clock the President and his guests took to the boats, and were towed ashore by the ship's steam-launch.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Complaining of the fare at the Western hotels, Oscar Wilde is reported as having said, "Why, at some wretched town in the West I subsisted wholly on cigarettes and spirits." Rather more stimulating, but hardly more nutritious, than the gruel for æsthetes, which is made by placing a lily in a glass of water, and is partaken of by contemplation from a little distance.

Flamingo eggs sell for thirty dollars a dozen. A small boy can't put a dozen and a half of these eggs in his trousers pockets and make his way over fences and through thickets to the country grocery when he wants to replenish his stock of chewing-gum.

It is told of a Congressman from this State, who was once the proprietor of a livery-stable, that having caused a big sign to be painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle, he asked a friend, "Is that a good likeness of me?"

"Perfect," was the reply; "but who is the fellow holding you?"

"No orders filled from the wine lists while passing through Iowa," is conspicuously printed on the bills of fare in dining-cars on a road which crosses that State. But there is nothing to prevent passengers from drinking in Iowa wine that they have bought in another State, and it may be inferred that the waiters have a busy season while the train is approaching the domain of prohibition.

Part of the Yellowstone Park, in Dakota, has been leased for the last ten years to a company that has promised to build hotels, establish lines of stages, and make other improvements for the accommodation of visitors. It is announced that the annual rental is put at a merely nominal figure in consideration of the promised improvements.

A dispatch from Egypt, couched in aggressive terms, and setting forth that a forward movement of the English is daily expected, closes with the announcement: "The British position is so formidable that it is hoped Arabi Pasha may test his strength against it."

A Maine newspaper explains: "The types last week made us say that the showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of the *milkmen*, etc., instead of *millmen*."

The inference is that Long Ching, the Chinese survivor of the *Jeannette* expedition, has partaken sufficiently of adventure. He has settled down to getting a livelihood by keeping a wash-house in Washington.

It is suggested that, since Canada has decided to prohibit American tourists from fishing in her lakes, a proper scheme of retaliation would be to forbid English noblemen to hunt buffaloes on the prairies.

"One country, one starry banner, and one wife," is the platform of an editor whose field adjoins Mormondom.

Six young women of North Carolina have recently finished a journey on foot of some four hundred miles through the roughest and wildest parts of the State. They were unattended by any male protectors, and during much of the time they spent their nights in hammocks swung from the forest trees, with a canvas stretched above them to keep off the dew and rain. Perhaps their most startling experience was when a bear walked into their mountain camp. But he walked out again, leaving them all there. The young women declare that the only real annoyance they suffered in the whole course of their journey was caused by "certain officious parties of their own sex who undertook to deter them from their project, and called it an immodest proceeding."

At a Republican Convention in North Carolina a cautious and conservative German was nominated for member of the Lower House of the Legislature. In response to the calls of the enthusiastic delegates he arose, smiling, and said, "I tanks you, shentlemen, very much indeed. I makes no sbeech."

"Of course you accept the nomination," the chairman said.

"Vell," replied the favorite son, "I don't know so vell as dot. I must first ask my vife about it."

The Convention took a recess to enable him to confer with his wife.

One of the most ingenious and picturesque examples of mountain railroad building, for which American engineers have become celebrated, is the road constructed last summer from Saratoga to the summit of Mount McGregor. The ascent is quite abrupt from the plain, and the trains wind up the side of the mountain over curves and zigzags in a manner suggestive of climbing. Notwithstanding the steepness of the grades and the sharpness of some of the curves, the road is so thoroughly constructed and so carefully managed that no accident has occurred to the trains, and competent authorities have pronounced the work one of the best specimens of railway engineering in the country.

A jealous Texan branded his pretty wife with a star and cross on each cheek.

There is another "bull" movement in respect to bonds of the late Confederate States. Sales have been made recently in Charleston, Savannah, and Atlanta, the prices varying from five dollars to nine dollars a thousand. It is said that the demand comes from Amsterdam.

The oldest living ex-member of Congress is in needy circumstances. Some of the youngest present members could give the veteran points in the matter of providing for the demands of the future.

The experiment of furnishing the incandescent light to a district of considerable area in the lower part of this city was begun a few evenings ago. Six miles of street wire had been laid, and connections had been made with eight hundred lamps, some of which were more than a quarter of a mile from the central station. Since only actual experiment on a large scale can settle the question as to the practicability of substituting the electric light for gas-light, this trial will be watched with general interest. The steady light thrown off by the glowing loops of carbon in counting-rooms and other places open to the public, in which the new system had been introduced, attracted the attention of passers-by. If the incandescent lamps should prove equal to the requirements, the fact that the glass bulbs may be suspended with their tops downward, like plums hanging from their stems, will be a point in their favor for many uses, since they will cast no shadow beneath.

INCIDENTS OF PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S VISIT TO NEWPORT.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 587.]

THE "MOSEL."

The steam-ship *Mosel*, belonging to the North German Lloyd's Company, which left Southampton, England, on the 8th of August, was involved in a heavy fog at the mouth of the Channel, and at half past eight the next morning ran upon the rocks at Church Cove, one mile east of the Lizard Point of Cornwall.

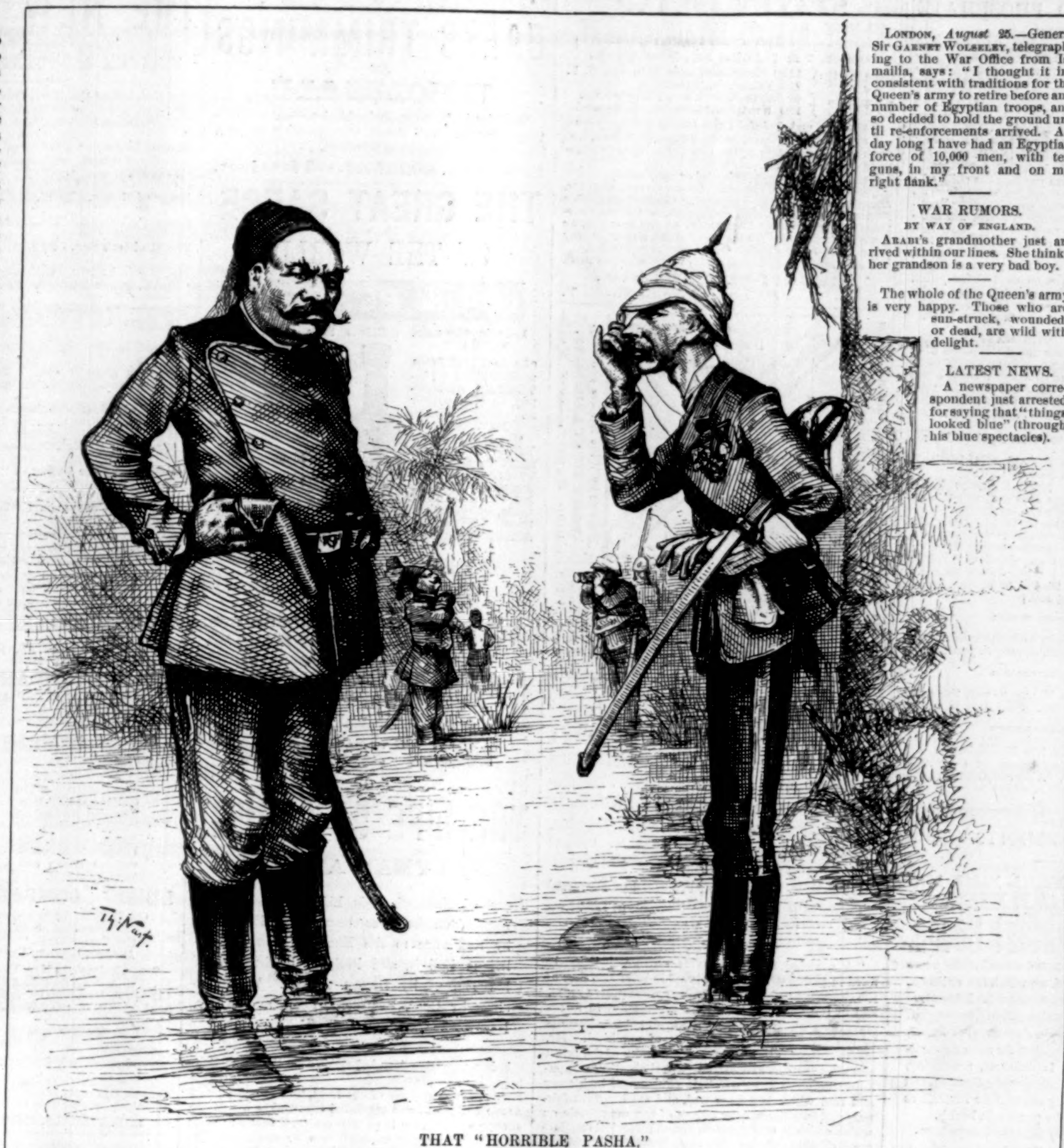
She had come from Bremen with 650 German emigrants, besides cabin passengers, and with a general cargo for this country, and at Southampton had taken mails and specie on board. The ship was going thirteen knots an hour when she struck, stem first, and her bow was lifted so that she instantly forged ahead, bringing her whole length upon the rocks.

There was but slight alarm among the passengers, as the ship maintained an upright position, and the captain assured them that all would be safely landed. It was nearly low tide, and the sea was perfectly calm. The ship's boats were speedily launched, others came from the shore, and the passengers were transferred to land without confusion or loss of life. At first it was hoped that unloading the ship would lighten her sufficiently to make her float; but some of her compartments filled with water, and, in spite of all efforts to save her, the *Mosel* became a total wreck.

AN ELEPHANT FIGHT.

When the Prince of Wales was in India an elephant hunt was among the amusements provided for his Royal Highness by that most royal of entertainers and of murderers, Jung Bahadur, of Nepal, and in the contemporary records of the expedition full justice has been done to that thrilling episode of the Prince's visit. The heroes of the capture were "Jung Pershad" and "Bijli Pershad." The former in height, weight, and courage was superior to all the 800 elephants of the Nepalese stud, while Bijli, "The Lightning," had no match for speed and pluck combined. The first wild tusker sighted was a magnificent fellow, sulking and fuming in a clump of tall jungle grass. With all the leisurely solemnity befitting his renown, old Jung Pershad came swinging up. But no sooner had the huge bruiser hove in sight than the wild giant, measuring him at a glance, confessed his master, and fled before the overpowering presence. The grand old gladiator did not attempt pursuit.

To his friend and colleague in many a previous fight, Bijli the swift-footed, pertained the privilege of pursuit, and from the moment when the quarry perceived the strangely rapid advance of his new antagonist, he recognized the gravity of his peril. Flight from Bijli was as vain as contest with Jung. So he swung round in his stride, and the pursuer and pursued stood face to face. Then, on a sudden, and with one accord, the giants rushed upon each other. The skill that comes of practice gave the professional just the one point he needed to beat so splendid an amateur, and at last the wild elephant fairly gave up and surrendered.



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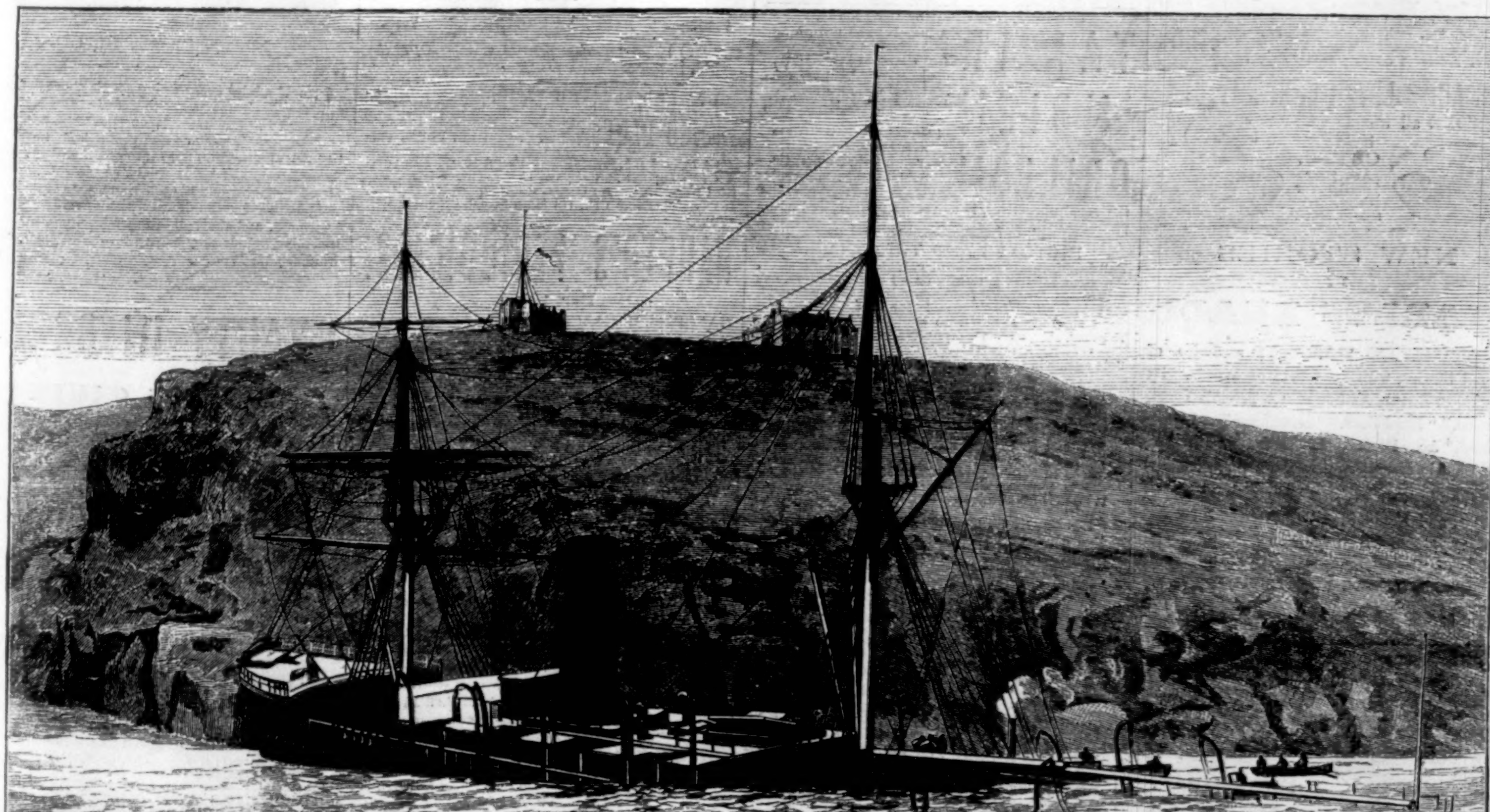
Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.G.B., G.C.M.G. "I say, *I think it's inconsistent with traditions for an officer and a gentleman in the Queen's Army to break his word*, you know. I PROMISED TO DINE IN LONDON ON THE 15TH OF SEPTEMBER, you know. You can't be SO *horrible* as to keep *me* HERE fooling, you know."



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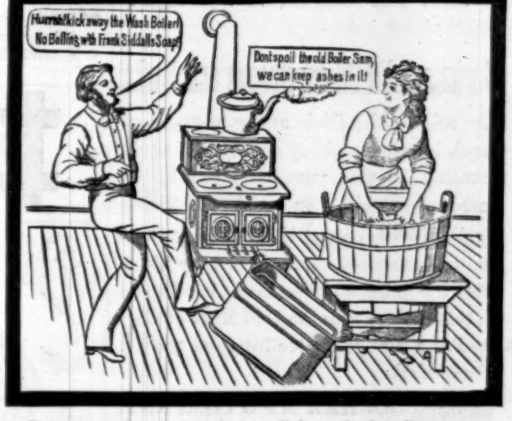

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FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water, draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece or they will turn yellow, and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the washboard through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

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